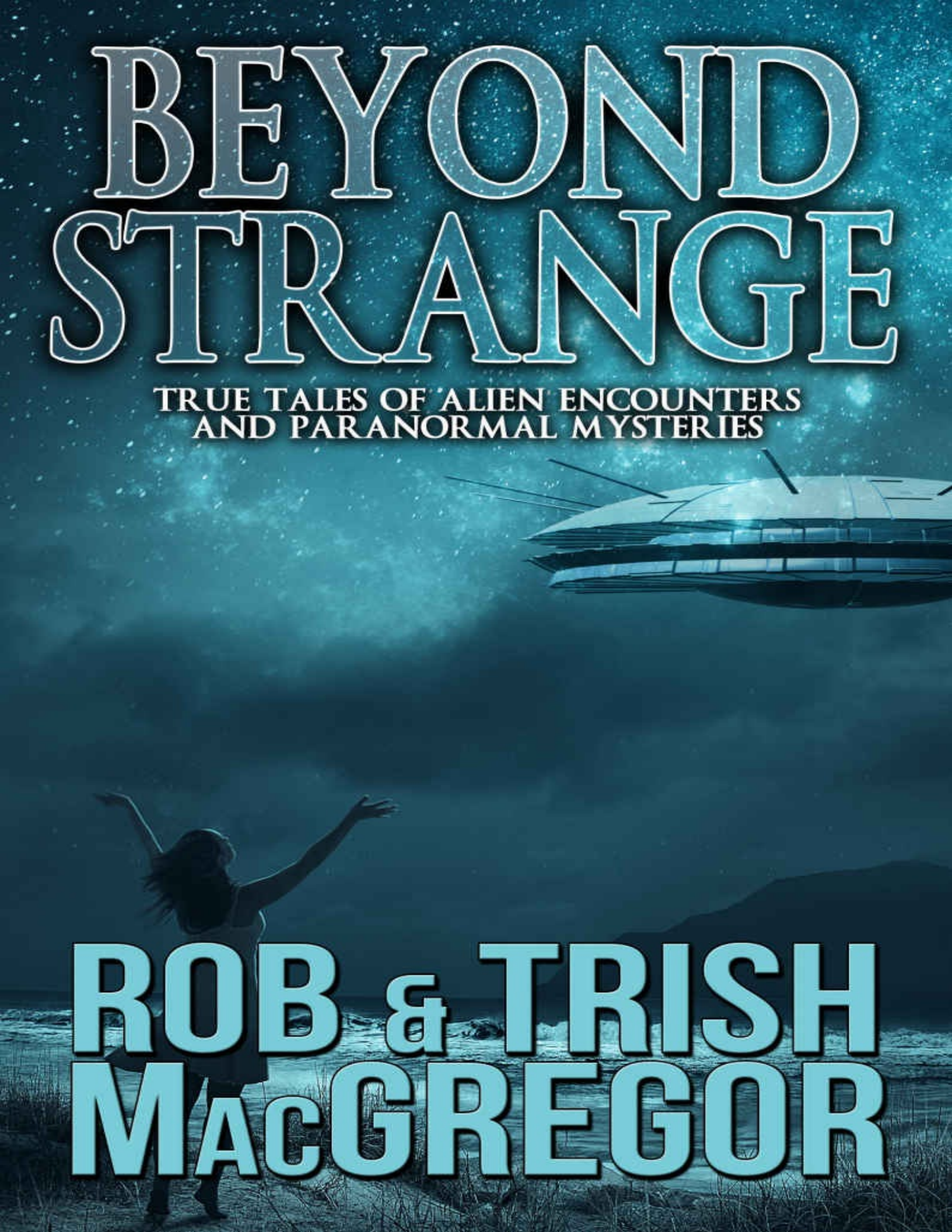
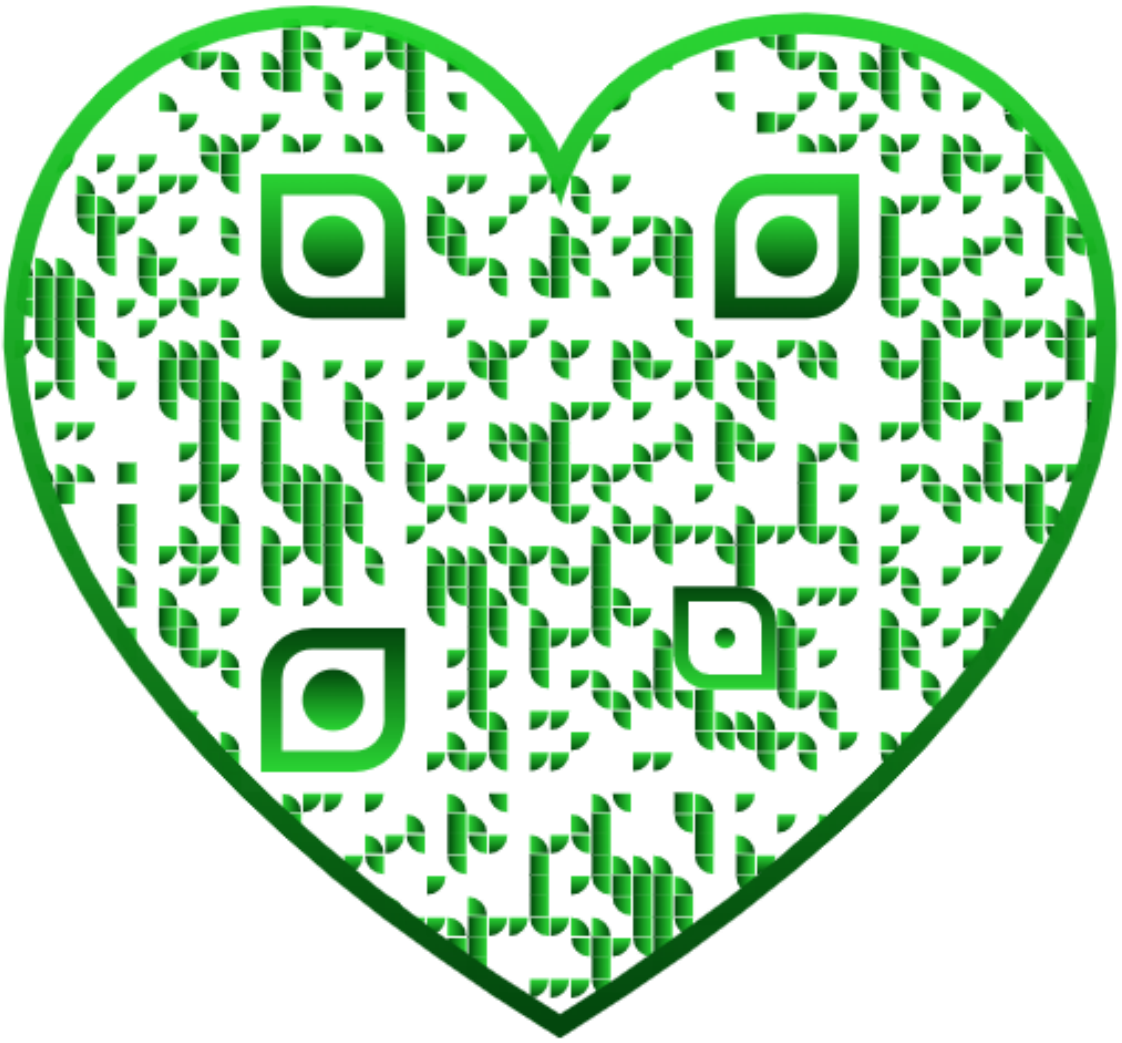
BEYOND STRANGE

TRUE TALES OF ALIEN ENCOUNTERS AND PARANORMAL MYSTERIES



ROB & TRISH MACGREGOR



BEYOND STRANGE

True Tales of Alien Encounters and Paranormal Mysteries

By Rob MacGregor & Trish MacGregor

A Panta Rei Production
Panta Rei is an imprint of Crossroad Press
Digital Edition published by Crossroad Press
Digital Edition Copyright © 2017 Rob & Trish MacGregor

CONTENTS

Introduction
1) Lights, Aliens & OOBEs
2) Alien Dark
3) Alien Lite
4) Spying on Aliens
5) Walking into the Past
6) Haunting Experiences
7) Into the Fog
8) Feeling the Future
9) Necromantic Numbers
10) PK Power
11) A Really Strange Thing

Introduction

A retired nurse from St. Augustine, Florida was abducted by aliens three times as a child. That was just the beginning.

A Coast Guard sailor on liberty in Bermuda in 1964 meets a beautiful nursing student and together they wander into a quaint village illuminated by kerosene lamps. The sailor has the odd feeling that he and his new friend had lived in the village in a past life. But when he returns a few days later, there's no village. Later, he learns that the village was totally destroyed by a hurricane in the late 1700s and never rebuilt. And he learns much more.

A retired veterinarian interacts with mysterious ethereal beings on a regular basis for more than twenty years, and they sometimes appear fully physical.

Those are just a small sampling of stories we've heard over the years. Many were sent to us from people who have read our blog that covers synchronicity, the paranormal, and UFO/alien encounters. For the most part, they are ordinary people who have experienced extraordinary things. And they have a need to tell someone about it.

They come to us because they've seen stories others have sent and know we won't say they must be mistaken or that it couldn't have happened that way. They know we won't tell them that aliens don't exist, that they didn't really walk into a village that was destroyed hundreds of years ago, that time travel and teleportation are impossible.

We remain open-minded about each story we hear, but we also ask questions and dig into the details as much as we can. One story, "Bermuda Past," was written after dozens of e-mail exchanges with the two people who walked into a village that doesn't exist in our time. The retired veterinarian answered numerous questions we posed over a period of months and we met with her on several occasions.

It's likely that people feel they can confide in us because we've had our own share of experiences that are beyond strange, and we've blogged about them. Trish's deceased parents appeared to her during a meditation class. While driving to a dental appointment, Rob heard a voice telling him to pay attention to the time and to where he was. Moments later, he found himself miles away, driving in another direction. Oddly enough, he still arrived on time for his appointment, approaching from a different direction.

Late one night only hours after our daughter, Megan, was born, Trish was

awakened by someone in her maternity ward calling her name. But the other three women were asleep and the door to the room was shut. When it happened again, Trish realized it was an internal voice. She shut her eyes and saw Megan as a young woman. She requested her birth information and asked questions about where we were living, what our lives were like. The world in which she lived had been vastly altered by climate change. This was in 1989, long before that phrase became commonplace.

Years ago, we didn't share these types of experiences with other people. Instead, we wove them into our fiction. But that changed once we started writing about synchronicity and the paranormal. We know we aren't alone in experiencing the unbelievable and that's why we've compiled these stories.

The experiences we consider *beyond strange* happen to ordinary people going about their lives and involve events that mainstream science would consider impossible, that at best might be categorized as anecdotal anomalies. Some of these stories involve face-to-face encounters with aliens. Others involve interactions with the afterlife. Some, oddly enough, even involve a mix of the two.

The stories we've picked are astonishing by any reckoning and address a fundamental issue about the nature of reality: is there a more expansive reality than the one currently recognized?

We've written this book to allow readers to think 'what if' and to nudge those of you who sense that our reality is just the tip of the iceberg. Hector Nunez, who was chased by a seemingly conscious fog on the Biltmore golf course in Miami, put it this way: "There's a lot more out there than we understand." And we get hints of what lies beyond more often than we realize.

1

Lights, Aliens & OOBEs

July 4, 1972 – Gatesville, Texas

Ten-year-old Wesley Meeks was riding in the family car with his parents and two brothers, ages seven and eleven. They'd spent the day at a family reunion near Waco, and were driving home after a stop at their grandmother's house in Gatesville.

It was an unusual July day for central Texas. Instead of being 95 degrees, it was rainy and in the 60s. Shortly after 9 p.m., a fresh cloudburst drenched the landscape. They were heading along a hilly stretch of the highway outside the town when three bright greenish lights appeared about five hundred feet above the roadway. The lights were vaguely triangular in shape, but the heavy downpour distorted their shape.

The lights stayed in front of their car as they continued down the road. They would change from greenish to blue to white and would sometimes rotate around each other in a mesmerizing display. Other times they would form a stationary triangle. "We all talked excitedly about the lights, wondered what they were, but were not especially afraid of them."

After about five minutes, the lights suddenly vanished. If they'd been abducted, they weren't aware of it. "None of us had any sensation of lost time, confusion, or anything like that," Meeks recalls.

However, something would begin to change in young Wesley, a prequel to his encounters with alien beings. In the aftermath of his sighting, he started traveling out of his body. The first experience was brief and exciting.

First OOBE

"I suddenly found myself floating near the ceiling of my bedroom. It was a large room and all three of us boys slept in it. My older brother had gotten up and turned on the lights. I was able to look down on him as he walked to the bathroom. I didn't know what was happening, but it was so different that I wasn't really scared. A couple of minutes later, he walked back into the bedroom and to my bedside. As I peered down, I could see he was shaking someone in my bed. I heard him call my name. I looked and saw it was me!"

Wesley suddenly felt he was being pulled down and back into his body.

He sat up and told his brother that he'd been above the bed floating. "He told me to shut up and go use the bathroom."

Wesley had no idea that others had similar experiences and that they were known as OOBEs. The next morning he again told his older brother about what happened. He just laughed and told him he was dreaming. Likewise, his father said it was just a dream and told him to quit making up stories. When the experiences continued, he kept them to himself to avoid further ridicule.

Granddad Appears

It wouldn't be long before the aliens began their appearances. But first his dead grandfather showed up for a visit. "About two weeks after Granddad's funeral in 1973, I was lying in bed reading, and I had a small lamp on. Something, a feeling not a noise, made me look up. When I did, I saw what I thought was my grandfather's face floating just a few feet off the floor and looking at me. He was smiling and I was not afraid. After awhile, he seemed to float through the wall and outside the house. I still missed Granddad, but no longer felt bitter sadness."

Meeks believes he was able to see his grandfather because of the UFO encounter that night in 1972. He thinks the same is true for his out-of-body experiences and his encounters with aliens. Soon after he turned eleven, young Wesley was visited by small, hooded beings for the first time.

What makes the life-long Texan's story so compelling is that his career has been all about observing. He worked fifteen years as a police officer, eight years as a child welfare investigator, and three years as a private investigator. He now supervises surveillance operations at a 250-bed hospital in west Texas. "It is ironic that in my chosen profession the ability to observe is key, but to report observations of anything out of the ordinary could have led to discredit with any of my employers over the years."

Alien Visitors

His first encounter with the beings set the tone for what was to come. "I'd been asleep for a couple of hours when something woke me up, maybe a noise. I couldn't move and couldn't scream, or maybe I did not even try. Standing around the bed were maybe six or eight forms about four or five feet tall." They wore what looked like black cloaks with hoods that hid their

faces. Wesley seemed to rise or float out of the bed and the figures floated with him, one on either side holding his arms. “We started circling the bedroom, flying around the perimeter.”

After several circuits around the room, he found himself in the middle of the circle and the beings circled above him. He doesn’t remember any of the figures touching him except for the two that had held his arms.

These types of experiences persisted until he was well into his twenties. “Unfortunately, I was not one of the people who thought these were positive experiences. I was terrified each time.”

He only recalls one time when he was on a table with figures gathered around him and other similar beings watching from a sort of gallery. In spite of his resistance to the idea, he said: “This particular experience led me to believe that I could be an abductee. I believe that the room I was in could’ve been inside a ship of some sort. I can’t prove it to my satisfaction, but I don’t deny that possibility any longer.”

The encounters continued after he was married, and during them he would see his wife lying in bed alone as he was floating around the room. “I was frightened, but I would have given my life to protect her. The beings did not seem interested in her in the least. And, if they had been, I could have done nothing to help because I was usually paralyzed during these experiences.”

Meeks told his wife about his experiences. She believed that something was happening, that he wasn’t crazy, and yet, she didn’t have any explanation. She had never seen the beings. But one night when two of the beings gripped Meeks’ arms and he yelled, she woke up and found him lying half-in and half-out of the bed. She pulled him back by his left arm.

He told her the beings had been trying to pull him out of bed, that they’d grabbed his right arm, but he was determined not to go. “My arm hurt from the strain of pulling back. My wife touched my right arm and said it was freezing. This was a hot summer night and a window unit was running, but it was by no means freezing in the room. However, my right arm from shoulder to hand was ice cold.”

After that, Wesley had a few more experiences. But by the time he turned twenty-nine, it stopped. No more visitors from elsewhere. Why had they selected him? he wondered. He always considered himself about average—an average student, a person of average size, of average athletic ability. “So, there is nothing about me, that I can perceive anyway, that would seem to indicate aliens would want to study me.”

But of course, beings far more advanced than we are, might have priorities that we don't comprehend when they select someone to contact and engage in their mysterious actions.

Meeks continued to travel out of body in his sleep, and still has OOBEs—both spontaneous and targeted, intended ones. He has floated around his house, his neighborhood, and has journeyed out into space and even into other dimensions. But he has never encountered the visitors on those journeys.

"In a way, I sort of miss the experiences, but not the fear. I wish I knew more about these guys and what they wanted with me. Why did they come? Why did they stop coming? Who are they? Where did they come from? Were they real at all? Am I crazy? All of these things run through my mind, and have for some time. They have certainly opened my eyes to the fact that reality and the universe consist of much more than we can see and perceive, or even think about as human beings. These experiences are a part of my life, a significant part, and I am glad to finally share them. It's something I need to do."

It wasn't until he was in his thirties that he related his experiences to his younger brother. He had experienced a spontaneous OOBE and asked Wesley about his out-of-body experiences. That provided an opening. "I told him my OOBEs started when I was a kid and at some point after the sighting. He was not really able to remember much about the sighting, and apparently had no visitations, at least he never mentioned anything."

It was not something he could ever talk to his parents about, though. "My dad was a minister during the first few years of my life, and my mother was a good minister's wife. With them anything that was not mentioned in the Bible was not possible, *or* it was demonic. They wanted nothing to do with my experiences, as I'd learned very early on."

Ironically, Meeks' older brother, who had once laughed about his experiences, was the person who was most responsible for him coming to believe that he could have been abducted or at least studied by aliens. "My older brother became a sort of Buddhist when he was in his forties. Well, he called himself a Buddhist, and did study a lot of that religion. But in the process he also read other subjects, and it was his reading that caused him to realize I displayed some of the traits of those he read about in abduction stories. I was at first violently opposed to such nonsense, and I did not believe that people were abducted, or at least that they didn't survive

abductions."

But as Meeks began reading some of the abductee stories with an open mind, he recognized that he had similar "symptoms," except for unaccounted time. "And I believe that if we had 'lost' a couple of hours after seeing the lights on that Fourth of July, that would have sealed the deal for me. But we didn't have any lost time, we didn't suddenly wake up in our beds with no memory of driving home."

Meeks never told any of my friends about these experiences. He had wanted to be a police officer since his junior high days, and realized even as a kid that talking about being abducted by aliens, or even about out-of-body experiences, would probably not be advantageous when the police checked his background.

"I think now that I am much older, if I had another experience with these visitors, I could be a little more objective and less fearful. Maybe I would attempt to ask questions or at least try to communicate with them. I guess the idea of some kind of final answers and closure are on my mind now."

Journey to the Akashic Records

While Meeks experienced his share of frightening encounters, he ultimately found some benefit in the experiences, and became an adept explorer of out-of-body realms. One of his most fascinating stories involved a journey to a place of knowledge—an enormous mansion—that he later learned was called the Akashic Record. While there, he experienced much more than he had been expecting. We first published a shorter version of this story on our blog, synchroscret.com/ synchrosecrets and it proved to be controversial. We'll explain why.

First, the story.

The experience took place during the winter of 2005-2006. Meeks had gone to bed and before getting sleepy, told himself that he intended to have an out-of-body experience. He said he wanted to go to a place he had heard about, the place where knowledge and the events of our lives are stored. At the time, he didn't know what the place was called, but he'd read books about OOBEs, and some writers wrote about a huge mansion where all souls live when they are between lives.

"As I began to get a little drowsy, I relaxed from head to toe and began a countdown from 900 toward 0. I controlled my breathing, and thought about

the target of my astral travel. As was usual for me, a ringing started in my head, and soon the vibrations were running head to toe. I felt my body getting heavy. I then mentally pushed and I was out of my body."

Meeks emphasized that he had not drifted into sleep, but was fully conscious when he pushed out of his body. "Next I shot through the ceiling of my residence and up into the night sky. For the first few minutes, the experience of free flight was so exhilarating that I temporarily lost sight of my mission."

The beginning of *Star Trek* episodes shows the Enterprise suddenly going into warp speed and hundreds of stars flashing by every second. That was similar to the sensation he experienced when he flew through the night sky. "It is such a sensation of freedom that I suspect it is the same sensation that people feel when they permanently leave the body. After a few minutes, I absorbed this freedom and exhilaration and was able to focus on my pre-determined mission. I thought that I wanted to see the great mansion. It's mentioned in the Bible when Jesus says, *In my Father's house are many rooms."*

As soon as he thought about the mansion he was no longer flying at warp speed, but was floating gently toward this mansion. He floated above the mansion and just watched for awhile. "There is no way I can even begin to describe the beauty of this mansion, the ornateness, the intricateness of the design and details. It was huge and I can't even guess at the size. As I floated there, I saw that there were other people floating, some entering smaller compartments in the huge mansion, some leaving the mansion. Some of the people were visible as people, but others were auras of different colors."

Auras instead of Bodies

He somehow knew these auras were people or the souls of people who had chosen not to appear or to cloak themselves in human bodies. The size of each compartment was about the same as that of a large hotel room, large enough to hold a bed and several pieces of furniture. However, he couldn't see furniture in any of the rooms. Instead, each room only contained a very large vase, about twice or three times the size of a human body.

"Each vase or urn that I saw looked different, and each one was very beautiful, again beyond my description. Some appeared to made of marble, some of granite, some of jade, and other of materials I couldn't name. There

were designs and inscriptions on each vase. The mansion itself was so pure white that it was brilliant, but the floors of each of the compartments were of a material like marble, and so smooth they shone like glass."

As he floated above there, he noticed a courtyard. The mansion was built in a square and the courtyard, in the center of the mansion, was also built in a square. The compartments had three walls, but the fourth side had no wall and opened into the courtyard. He saw people walking around on the broad sidewalk and sitting in ornately designed benches. A swimming pool graced the center of the courtyard and about ten feet above it was a fountain. A gentle waterfall flowed constantly from the fountain and into the pool.

An Unexpected Encounter

"While I was viewing all this in a state of utter amazement, an older woman approached me. I was in my forties so I thought she was probably in her sixties. She was regal and attractive and wore a flowing gown. She asked me if I knew what I was looking at, and I said I wasn't sure. The woman told me to come sit with her on a bench.

"We floated downward and landed on the sidewalk, then walked a short distance to a beautiful bench. We sat down and the woman explained to me that the mansion was built by the Creator and it was so large that I couldn't see all of it at once. She explained that each soul had a room in the mansion, and pointed toward one of the rooms."

She told Wesley that the large vase in the room contained all the knowledge that the soul had gained while going through various lives on the earth and in other places as well. She didn't explain the "other places" and he was too overwhelmed to ask her about them. The woman told him that people lived many lives and spent time between lives by staying on different planes that aren't visible to humans in the physical realm.

Disguises

Then the woman dropped a bombshell. She told Meeks that people in the astral realms sometimes disguised themselves for various reasons while they traveled. He didn't understand this at all. But she explained that people sometimes didn't want to be recognized or they needed to appear different for other reasons. Sometimes, she said, they didn't use bodies at all, but moved

around as auras."

She also told him that people could appear older or younger than they really were on the physical plane, or could be of a different race than in the physical plane. "Then she told me that she was not actually an older woman, but was really my age. She said that she travelled as an older woman so she would appear to be wiser and more trustworthy to new travelers, and so that some people wouldn't recognize her. I didn't think to ask the whys of all this."

The woman got up from the bench and instantly transformed into a fairly attractive white female of about forty to forty-five years old. "She wasn't a knockout by any means, but she was attractive. Her clothing suddenly vanished, she stood nude in front of me. At this point I could also see that she had a green aura. I knew telepathically that she wanted to have a sexual encounter with me. Then she said aloud that she wanted to make love, if I wanted to."

An Erotic Turn

Meeks realized he was nude as well, and wasn't sure that he had even thought about clothing while he traveled. "So for all I know, I may travel nude all the time. But I was suddenly overcome with both an erotic feeling and the realization that I desired to *bond* with her. I can't explain that term or even how I knew it, I just did. But I remember thinking that all these other people were around and were watching."

She told Meeks to look around. He noticed that many people all over the courtyard were engaged in what appeared to be sexual contact and so were people floating above the courtyard. He suddenly realized that both of them now floated and that he also had an aura that he thought was blue.

The woman moved toward him and Meeks embraced her. "I can't adequately describe what happened next, but I'll try. While floating, we were in a reclining position, the missionary position. I penetrated her, but then somehow part of my very soul or molecules were inside her soul or molecules or both. Our auras merged and we merged too. *Merge* is the best word I can think of, because we were two, but we were literally *one* at the same time."

While they made love in the usual physical way, he felt completely joined with her in soul and mind. "I can't even begin to describe the total pleasure,

the total ecstasy! Ecstasy is even inadequate. There were vibrations shooting through us that were like being shocked by a faulty electrical cord or an appliance with a short in it. But it wasn't painful. It was the greatest pleasurable feeling I have ever had in my life, bar nothing. As pleasurable as sex is, as making love is, this experience was completely off the scale. And even though were complete strangers, the love was total—not love like a husband and wife, but love like we were all part of one creation."

He didn't know for sure how long the encounter lasted, but he thought the experience lasted longer than most of his other travels combined. There was a huge climax of energy, not like an orgasm, but more like a huge electric shock, maybe like being struck by lightning, that lasted for several minutes instead of just a split second. Then they separated.

She told him that he probably needed to go back into his body because it was the first time for him and the experience was so intense. Exhaustion suffused him. The woman instantly assumed the form of the older woman again. She told him there was so much for him to learn and that she hoped she would see him again sometime. Then she disappeared.

The Aftermath

"I suddenly felt sucked back into my body and I was instantly lying in bed, awake. I was tingling and vibrating all over. I literally couldn't move and I was tired, but exhilarated at the same time." The tingling was so severe that the bed was shaking and he actually thought that he would wake up his wife. But the sensation eventually subsided to a dull tingle, one that lasted for three days after the experience.

"For obvious reasons, I didn't tell my wife about this particular incident although I had told her about several of my OOBEs. But I couldn't see what was to be gained from telling her this story. So, I typed it and put it in a file on my computer, labeled astral adventure. Then I forgot about that file."

One day, his wife was using his computer and saw the file. She was curious and read it. She was angry for days, and actually contemplated leaving Meeks because she looked at the experience as an extramarital affair. "I would certainly counsel my fellow travelers not to mention any such encounters and to protect any related written material with a password or something to prevent what happened to my wife and me. She was hurt badly and was heartbroken. But she eventually forgave and we are doing well

now."

Meeks' experience at the mansion was the only encounter of that nature that he ever had. He has never attempted it again. He isn't sure what might be gained and is still confused as to whether or not this was actually cheating on his wife.

"I've read some who call this cheating and some who say it isn't, and that it's beneficial. I do believe that some sort of understanding was passed to me during this encounter. The understanding was that there is an unseen realm and that we apparently live many lives in many forms. But the why of it all was not communicated to me."

Reactions

We posted an abbreviated version of the above story on our synchronicity blog in 2015. We received several responses from people who say they also explore the astral realms. The reaction ranged from concern that Meeks' must have encountered a lower astral being to a more open-minded point of view.

"Hmmm…. I don't feel good about that," Victoria responded. "I am aware that people can present themselves however they want to on the astral plane, and have seen it myself, but there must have been some commonality in the energy field to have attracted such a being. In my experience (and I could be wrong) it is usually lower astral beings that still try to merge with humans." She went on to say: "It's my understanding that sexual organs are redundant on the other side. Souls are androgynous until they choose what sex they will be in human form." She added that demons and lower souls can use sex for control.

Natalie, an Australian medium, agreed. "As we evolve through the different planes or mansions, we lose our 'physical shape' more and more and become more subtle in energy. I understand the spiritual merging that Wes was speaking of, but I question the physical penetration bit, and the fact that the being approached him that way. Like attracts like on the Other Side, so he must have been emitting some sort of sexual frequency (maybe subconsciously) or the being was of a lower, more 'physically inclined' plane."

However, Connie, also a medium and a retired hospice nurse, had a different point of view. "There's so very much we don't know as absolute certainties about the multiple dimensions of being. It's likely there are

hundreds of thousands of dimensions and we aren't privy to All That Is. Such being the case, I tend to think it may be the better part of wisdom to remain open-minded and ponder the possibility that perhaps dimensions exist in which souls—highly evolved Souls—may perhaps have the capability to express in corporeal bodies."

Wesley Meeks, for his part, responded: "I'm not an expert and certainly not a wise being, but I just know that I have only encountered what I believe are human souls traveling on the astral plain, not demons or lower astral beings."

Past Life Visitation

After nearly a year, we reconnected with Meeks and asked for an update on his astral travels. In response, he sent us a different kind of OOBE. The former Texas police officer related how he had embarked on an astral journey to a monastery where he discovered 'himself.'

Meeks has both spontaneous and intentional OOBEs and this one was intentional, even though he had no idea where it would take him. He found himself in either Mexico or Texas in the 1600s, and he was a Catholic brother.

"At this point in my life I had just ended my law enforcement career and was actually in-between jobs, so I was 'Mr. Mom.' I woke up around 6 AM and got my son off to school. Then on this particular morning, I went back to bed in a spare bedroom because my wife, who worked nights, had just gotten to sleep and I didn't want to disturb her."

He laid down and began his ritual to have an out-of-body experience. After only a few minutes of relaxing and forming his intention to leave his body, he felt the familiar vibration and rushing sound in his head.

"At first, I just flew, but then found myself kneeling in a small room. It was sparsely furnished, just a small bed, a table and a single wooden chair. I was looking out a small, high window and could see only a square of pure blue sky. At one point, I saw the person, but then I was instantly 'in' the person, and in a split second I realized that I was a monk in a monastery or church compound somewhere in the Southwest."

He somehow knew he was either in Mexico or what would become Texas close to what is now the southern border of Texas. He also knew that he was happy in his situation and at that very moment was praying with gratitude for

his position in life.

"I don't know how long in 'real time' this experience lasted, but I think it was probably ten minutes or so. I felt in that experience that I was a native of Spain and voluntarily came to this place and was content."

In the Break Room

While Wesley Meeks has taken his share of journeys to exotic, cosmic and other-worldly locations, he usually remains in the everyday world. He once visited his wife at work when she was on the night shift. He went to bed that night, fell asleep, but woke up around 2 AM and induced an OOBE with the intention of visiting her at work.

"I knew she would be in the break room about that time so I thought of the break room at the hospital where she worked, and I was there instantly. I floated a few minutes and she walked into the room. She sat down at the dining table and I moved close to her and said hello. She looked at me and I noticed she seemed really confused."

He said that as soon as she became aware of him, the lighting in the break room had changed to an eerie greenish color. "I embraced my wife and told her I loved her. She asked what I was doing and I told her I had come to see her via astral projection. She seemed to be in a dazed state and maybe a little frightened. I told her to drive safely home at the end of her shift. She told me she felt drowsy. I then thought that maybe she was overwhelmed by what was going on, so I told her goodbye and drifted up and out through a wall."

Once outside, he wished himself home. Instantly he was drawn back into his body. He lay there trembling with an electrical tingling that was present after almost every trip. Then, he fell asleep. "I should point out that I did not 'wake up' when I reentered my body, but was conscious and remembered the experience in every detail.

"When my wife came home, I asked her if she remembered my coming to visit her during her break. She looked at me, very puzzled, and said she remembered feeling very strongly that I was thinking about her and she wondered why I was awake at 2 AM."

She told him that she did something unusual. She fell asleep in the break room. When she awakened, she quickly checked the clock and found that she'd only slept about ten minutes. That was about the length of time that Meeks perceived his experience had lasted.

“This is the only instance I can recall that someone other than another out-of-body traveler was aware of me.”

Wesley Meeks, now in his mid-fifties, continues exploring out-of-body experiences. The alien visitors, who he thinks might have triggered his ability to engage in such journeys, have never returned.

2

Alien Dark

Shortly after our book, *Aliens in the Backyard,* was published in February 2013, we were guests on *Coast to Coast* with George Noory. In the aftermath, we received e-mails from listeners, some of whom had never told anyone about their life-long abduction experiences. A couple of abductees mentioned that they just happened to turn on the radio as we were talking about synchronicity and abductions. They had never heard anyone link the two, though it's exactly what they've experienced.

Unfriendly Encounter

Maurice, a 43-year-old French Canadian, says that his experiences have been so strange he has had a difficult time believing them himself. They began in 1975, when he was five years old and his mother was pregnant. At the time, she gave birth to his sister, his parents sent him and his other sister to their grandparents' house. That's where the first incident occurred.

"I clearly recall playing in the basement with my tricycle. I looked out the window and saw six grey metallic boots and tight metallic pants covering very skinny legs. It was late because it was dark.

"I was suddenly covered by a milky white light and I don't remember anything else. To this day, I can't go down that basement myself. I shift into a panic mode just at the thought of going down there. This is but one of the numerous unpleasant memories that haunt me."

When Maurice contacted us, his most recent encounter had occurred just days earlier, on January 26, 2013. He was in bed next to his wife, fast asleep, when shortly after midnight his lower body lifted off the bed. "As I woke up, my upper body also lifted up so that I found myself completely suspended in the air over my bed, with my wife sound asleep. I couldn't move. I was thinking, *You son of a bitch, leave me alone, I'm not in the mood for this crap tonight."* Then he was flung like a whip to the door of the room.

"My head was pointed at the floor where a small pale-skin humanoid with large eyes and a large head was standing. There was maybe an inch between my nose and his face. That's when a voice in my head said, *I own you*. That's all I remember. When I realized that I was back in my bed, I looked at the

clock; it was 2:20 a.m. I have memories of such activities throughout my entire life."

The next day, his wife commented that she had never had such a good night's sleep. She suffers from sleep apnea and never sleeps more than two or three hours without waking up. On that night, she'd slept eight hours. Maurice had never spoken about his experiences to anyone except for his wife and she thought he simply had a fertile imagination. She always discouraged him from talking to others about these experiences and reminded him of her uncle, who was ridiculed and ostracized by her family for talking about his UFO sighting.

But when Maurice heard us on Coast to Coast describing a UFO encounter experienced by another man from Quebec, he decided to speak up for the first time. "It made me realize that I'm not the only person in this part of the world who has gone through some crazy stuff that can't be mentioned publicly. I work in the engineering field, and we are generally very analytical and pragmatic. If I speak of this using my real name, my job could be at stake."

When he was eight or nine years old, he woke up one night at about 2 a.m. and felt an urge to go the dining room. Once there, he looked out through a large bay window and saw a red dot in the sky. The dot grew larger until it was a big sphere. A beam of light shot from this object and lifted him up. "I recall seeing the window getting closer and closer to me. I was bracing for the impact and, just like that, I floated through the window towards this red sphere. The next thing I remember, I was in the basement. So I walked back to my room and the clock said 3:30 a.m. My mom woke up and asked me why I was awake. I just looked at her and didn't say a word. I had and still have today this feeling of helplessness."

About a year later, another incident occurred while he was on the playground at school during afternoon recess. The bell rang, telling the students to return to class. "As I was walking from the far end of the yard, I looked up and saw a metallic object moving at a slow speed directly over me. I would estimate that it was between 250 to 300 feet up in the air. It was forty feet across and looked like two attached wok dish covers. The underbelly of the craft looked burnt, like someone had taken a giant blowtorch to it. I saw it for about ten seconds until it shot straight up without a sound. When I got inside, I started asking other kids if they saw the strange object in the sky. Three of my classmates said that they saw it."

Maurice's experience that day bears eerie parallels to the Ariel primary

school sightings in Ruwa, Zimbabwe in 1994. More than sixty children claimed to have seen a disc-shaped object land behind the school during the morning break time. Two strange beings were reported, one of which approached the children. The sighting had been investigated by Harvard psychiatrist, author and researcher John Mack of Harvard. He had conducted extensive interviews with the children, asked them to sketch what they had seen, and had concluded the sighting was genuine.

Maurice says that sometimes after abductions he has found what looks like paper cuts on his arms and hands. He also thinks he might have an implant in his sinus cavity. In 2011, he was hospitalized for severe stomach pains, and the nurse had to insert a tube down his nose to collect some gastric acid from my stomach. However, something in his left nasal passage prevented the tube from moving in to his throat. The nurse moved to the right nostril and the tube was inserted without any problem.

In 1994, when Maurice was 25, he moved to Austria to learn German and polish his skills in downhill ski racing. He wanted to race in the FIS World Cup, the top international circuit of alpine skiing, and he needed to improve his world ranking. He lived in a small town called Zell am See in central Austria, not far from the city of Salzburg.

One night in January, he woke up at 2 a.m. feeling terrified and overwhelmed by a sense of impending doom. His blinds were closed, but suddenly the room was inundated with white light. The next thing he remembered, he was pinned to a vertical table in what looked like an underground cavern with rocky walls and ceiling. Other people were also strapped to tables in the room, and they all appeared to be unconscious.

“Men in lab coats and small milky beige-colored beings were moving about. Two men with weapons were standing not far from me, and one of the little bastards was in front of me. A voice in my head said, *You are not to speak of this to anyone.* I felt my head being pushed down, my chin is driven into my chest and I felt the back of my neck being stretched to its limit. *I won't. I promise,* I answered. The next thing I remembered, I was back in his bed and it was 3:30 am.”

A couple of months after Maurice told us his story, Rob emailed him and asked if he had any more contact with the beings. His answer was terse. “Please do not contact me again. After I told you my story, I started receiving telephone calls over and over from distant places where I don’t know anyone. When I answered, they would hang up. Maybe it was a warning. I don’t

know, but I am saying nothing more."

His terror was palpable—and all too typical. It's bad enough that people experience the inexplicable but the aftermath is often worse. Abductees are traumatized by what has happened to them – *Did I imagine it? Am I losing my mind? And if it really happened, who's going to believe me? I'll lose my job, my wife/husband will think I'm nuts* – and it paralyzes them. All too many abductees exist in a cocoon of utter dread of discovery, a self-imposed isolation that can be as debilitating as the abduction itself.

Studies have shown abductees are no more prone to mental illness than the rest of the population. Many abductees, like Maurice, recall their experiences, or parts of them, without hypnosis, and many were awake and not in bed when they were abducted; so they didn't dream their experience. Since most abductees avoid publicity and don't want their names used, it seems unlikely they would perpetrate hoaxes.

In the following story, an American woman fights off alien being in a forest in a foreign land.

Encounter in Germany

In May of 2013, we received an e-mail from Katy Walker, a documentary film producer who had heard us on a radio show/podcast called *Mysterious Universe* talking about UFO encounters and synchronicity. Coincidentally, her company was making a documentary film on synchronicity, *Time is Art,* and she wanted to talk to us. We made tentative arrangements for an interview in Miami later in the year. She said her life was filled with meaningful coincidences and told us about her own alien encounter that took place in eastern Germany in 1998.

She and her friend Oliver stopped in a small, remote forested village where his parents owned a cottage. They were away on vacation, so Katy and Oliver planned to stay at the cottage for the night. They went to a restaurant in the village for dinner and while sitting outside kept hearing a strange sound, like the bleating of a calf. "We thought it was an animal at first, but then as it continued, it was just really disturbing."

After dinner, they returned to the cottage and once inside Katie remarked that it would be cool to talk to an alien. She was immediately puzzled by the comment. "It was *not* my thought. At age nineteen, I had never even thought about the possibility that there might be intelligent life other than humans."

Oliver looked at her oddly, then went outside to see if he could find what was making the noise. That was the last she saw of him for three hours.

Suddenly, a blinding light beamed through the front window. She peered out and saw extremely long fingers touching the glass and the illuminated figures of skinny beings looking in at her. “I know for a fact they planted thoughts in my brain to try to get me to go with them.”

But Katy wanted nothing to do with them. “It’s not a good feeling to have something put into your mind when you don't really believe it.” She considers herself extremely headstrong and refused to go with them. She mentally pushed them out of her mind, ran upstairs, and hid in the attic. “It took about three hours of mentally fighting them, and I think they just gave up because it was too much, not really worth it. Otherwise, they probably would’ve come up to the attic where I was hiding.”

She’s convinced that Oliver was taken and concedes that might be the reason they left her alone. “Maybe I wasn't really of interest to them.” She noted that she’s never had any other alien contact experiences and pointed out that many abductees are taken repeatedly over decades.

She also believes that her and Oliver’s memories were erased because they never spoke about the incident and lost touch with each other shortly afterward. She also can’t recall what happened when he returned to the cottage. “I just know it was a very long time and I was angry that he didn't have an explanation for why he was gone so long.”

If Katy had trouble remembering events in the aftermath, we have to wonder if she too might’ve been abducted and had her memory of the event wiped clean. If aliens abduct humans and erase their short-term memory of such events, are they doing it to protect us from our own fears? Maybe so. But if what they do is so frightening and against our wishes, it’s easy to see why many—if not most—abductees view these experiences as negative and horrific.

Dark Deeds

You might think there’s nothing quite so eerie as the idea of being abducted by alien beings, placed naked on a table, and probed with strange instruments by entities with large black eyes or insect-like appearances hovering over you. But even more frightening is the idea of that happening to children.

Yet, it seems that many of those who say they've experienced multiple abductions throughout their lives were first snatched at a very young age. That was true in the cases of both Wesley Meeks (see chapter 1) and Maurice, described above. Now meet Connie J. Cannon, a retired nurse from St. Augustine, Florida. She has clear memories of at least three childhood abductions.

When she was four years old, she lived directly across the street from the Alabama governor's mansion in Montgomery. Her older sister was already in school and Connie wanted to look like a big girl, so she would carry a couple of books and stroll up and down on the brick wall that lined the sidewalk along the front lawn of her house.

"One morning as I was playing schoolgirl, walking along the wall and carrying the books, a very tall entity appeared at the end of the wall. It's a crystal-clear memory. This being was at least seven and a half feet tall. Yes, I was little, but the entity was not human height. I knew the difference. It seemed to be male although it had blond hair that reached below its shoulders and pale white skin like an albino. He was wearing a one-piece silver-gray garment with long sleeves. That's very clear because it was so different from anything I'd ever seen."

There was no one else around. At that time, it was safe for kids to play outside without supervision. When she turned to walk in the opposite direction on the wall, the entity wrapped a long thin arm around her from behind. "I screamed, and then I was up in the air. The next memory I have is that I was back on the wall, but the books were strewn on the lawn."

That's when a woman appeared in the yard. "She came and took my hand and walked me to our door, then just seemed to vanish. I don't recall much about the woman. She didn't say a word."

That night, Connie woke up with projectile vomiting that continued for several days. "I told my Mom and Dad about the 'man' taking me and that I saw the roof of our house from above it. Mom told me it was my imagination. It wasn't. After that, I wouldn't play outside anymore by myself."

We had known Connie for years as a medium and "ghost buster" (see chapter 9), who frequented our synchronicity blog, before she confided in us about her lifetime of alien encounters. The next abduction memory she had was when she was seven and was sitting on her twin bed coloring in a coloring book. "I remember suddenly being tucked under what seemed to be a long thin arm of a weird-shaped entity, a really small entity, and we literally

glided up some kind of straight line that looked like a string or beam of light. As we went up, I could hear a high-pitched steady sound."

That was all she remembered, but that night she again came awake with projectile vomiting. "My sister has vivid memories of the Grays being in our shared bedroom. We've talked about them as adults."

Her next encounter happened when she was nine. She was playing outside with neighbor kids at her grandparents' house in Atlanta. "We were picking blackberries from a thick patch of vines between the yards. There was a feeling like the ground shifting under us, and we all looked up. I don't recall what we saw, but the next morning, I woke up and vomited before I could make it to the bathroom."ß

Those early experiences were just the beginning of a lifelong series of encounters with beings that terrorized her and benevolent beings that guided her. Connie feels fortunate that her memories of what happened during the childhood abductions were blocked. Yet, imagine the fear that child must have experienced during the events.

She remembers much more from her adult encounters with the beings. The two abductions that are the most detailed and powerful took place when she and her son John were taken inside a craft with an octagonal interior. She recalls that there were humans lying on gurneys in cubicles. Some were nude, some were clothed. She and John were frantically trying to find an escape door or hatch, something that would allow them to leave the craft. They were terrified. The interior was huge. As they rushed about, a Gray leisurely pursued them.

If that scenario wasn't frightening enough, imagine Connie's shock when she came to a control panel and found someone she knew, a former NASA engineer and technician assistant who had contacted her years earlier about editing assistance on his manuscript about his encounters with aliens. Clark McClelland was sitting at that enormous bank of machinery with switches and levers and buttons with flashing colors.

Clarke sat in an ordinary desk chair with wheels. When he turned to face them, she saw that he was wearing a silver astronaut suit with a wide collar but no helmet. He told Connie and her son: "They can't hurt you as long as I am here."

She can't recall how she and John were taken to the ship or how they returned. But Connie insists it wasn't a vivid dream. In fact, the next morning, she e-mailed Clarke, and simply informed him that she and her son

had been on a craft with him. Clarke responded and described in detail what she had seen and experienced.

“I asked him why we’d been taken, but more importantly, what he was doing on the craft. He said it was classified. My response to that was, ‘Classified, hell! My son and I were kidnapped and taken onto a damned spacecraft and scared within an inch of our lives, and you were at the controls.’ I was in a rage.”

John has only partial memory of that abduction, and doesn’t want to talk publicly about it. While Connie is allowing the use of her real name, “John” is a pseudonym. He doesn’t want to be labeled a “UFO nut” and is concerned that coming out as an alien abductee would ruin him professionally.

Back Into the Craft

The other abduction that remains clear in Connie’s memory is one where she found herself standing on someone’s lawn a couple of streets from her home, wearing only her nightgown. “I felt a deep rumbling and I knew they were coming for me. I was beyond frightened. Then suddenly three crafts hovered over me—three rounded discs, one separated from the other two. They always came in threes, but only one descended to get me. I was sobbing and begging them to please not take me. But then I was inside the craft, in an odd-shaped seat, and the gray was right in my face, a mere inch or so away, staring into my eyes.

“At that point, I had lost fear and was angry as hell when I was told to look down.” The floor of the craft had slid open and part of the bottom of the craft was now transparent. A light from the craft beamed down at a house and pierced through the roof. “I could clearly see the people and the rooms and the furnishings, everything. I yelled at the gray in my face, ‘What? What? What do you want me to see? It's 3 o'clock in the morning! Those people are asleep!’”

When she woke up in the morning, her nose was hemorrhaging and she seemed unable to stand without falling. She feared she’d had a stroke. The symptoms lasted all day, then dissipated.

She remembers snippets of other abductions. “One time they cut my scalp open on the left side and put something into my brain behind the ear; I remember they then had some type of bright blue ‘laser-light’-looking instrument that they used to seal my skin. There was no pain, just absolute

terror. But I don't recall any other part of that abduction, except lying on the table with the grays all around it and doing that procedure."

A skeptic might say these abductions were simply dreams that felt like they were real. They happened at night after Connie had gone to bed. The appearance Clark McClelland could be explained by the fact that she knew him and had been helping him with his manuscript about alien contact. Meanwhile, the abductions when she was a young girl could be dismissed as childhood fantasies.

However, such explanations don't work for the following alien encounter that took place while Connie was driving her car from Atlanta to St. Augustine on a chilly night November 9, 1981. This startling incident was first described in our book, *Aliens in the Backyard: UFO Encounters, Abductions & Synchronicity.* We're updating the story here to include additional information that we recently discovered.

Aliens and Soldiers

Connie Cannon was driving a brand-new Regency Oldsmobile sedan, a large and powerful automobile. She and her husband were relocating to St. Augustine Beach. The rear seat and trunk were loaded with boxes of belongings. Her youngest son, John, 12, was in the passenger seat and they were following a huge moving van driven by her husband, Ted, who was accompanied by their other two sons. They were about a hundred miles south of Atlanta, near Macon, with negligible traffic, when suddenly she was confused about her location. She was no longer on the interstate.

Connie was certain she hadn't taken an exit. Yet, she and her son were now driving on a strange grid of roads with no buildings in sight. She didn't see anything she recognized. She was incredibly tired, but kept driving. The next thing she knew, she and her son were on their knees outside their vehicle, on a black asphalt tarmac near airplane hangars, sobbing hysterically.

Circling overhead were several noisy choppers and three round, softly grumbling spacecraft. In front of her and John were a group of grays and several military men in fatigues and heavy boots who held "massive-looking assault weapons."

The grays seemed to be just loitering in the area. But one of the military men pointed an assault weapon directly at Connie, and in a menacing tone warned her, "If you ever…you will never see your family again."

But what was *it* she wasn't supposed to do or say? Why would the military be concerned about what she might or might not do? Why were aliens mingling with the military? What the hell was going on?

Then she and John were back in the car and she had no memory of actually getting into the vehicle. Where were the military men? The grays? The choppers and spacecraft? Her son immediately fell into a deep sleep. Connie, barely able to keep her eyes open, drove aimlessly around a labyrinth of paved roads, another asphalt grid, clueless about where she was. No houses. No landmarks. Just another grid of streets. She finally saw a convenience store and stumbled inside. She somehow told the female clerk that she'd gotten lost off of I-75 and could she please give her directions back to the interstate?

The clerk told Connie she was on Warner Robins Air Force Base and had to leave through the same guard gate where she'd entered. Connie explained she hadn't come through a guard gate, but the clerk insisted she couldn't have gotten onto the base any other way. Connie realized that arguing with the woman was futile and besides, she was so exhausted she could hardly speak.

She followed the clerk's instructions and eventually found her way back to I-75. By that time, her husband and other two sons were frantic with worry. When Ted realized that the Olds was no longer behind him, he pulled off the road to wait, thinking they had just dropped back. When they didn't appear after a few minutes, Ted took the next exit and drove northward for awhile to see if he spotted the Olds by the side of the road. In 1981, there were no cell phones, no way to make contact. He finally figured that Connie and John must have gotten off the interstate for a pit stop or to get a bite to eat, and he and their other sons headed south again.

But after awhile, Ted stopped once again, pulling to the shoulder to wait for his wife and son. When the Olds didn't appear, the only thing Ted and the other two boys could do was drive onward toward their new home and hope that Connie and John would catch up to them. They arrived at their new house and waited. An hour passed, then another, and Connie and John still didn't show up. Ted was near panic and on the verge of calling the highway patrol when Connie and John finally pulled into the driveway. She arrived at the house three hours after Ted.

Connie was too out of it to explain what had happened. She and John fell into a deep sleep on the porch of their new home and were disoriented for several days afterward. It was worse than jet lag, more like post-traumatic

stress syndrome.

"Traumatic doesn't begin to describe the incident," Connie says. "Staring into the barrel of an assault rifle held by one of our own military personnel, while three grays looked on, was beyond my cognitive abilities."

Warner Robins Air Force Base is located just east of and adjacent to the city of Warner Robins, Georgia, 18 miles south-southeast of Macon, Georgia. Today, the town of Warner Robins has a population of about 93,000. Macon, the state's fourth largest city, lies a short distance to the north. I-16 intersects with I-75 in Macon and leads to Savannah and the Atlantic Ocean. According to the base's web site, Warner Robins AFB "is the worldwide manager for a wide range of aircraft, engines, missiles, software and avionics and accessories components."

Even today, there are long, lonely stretches of I-75 from outside Macon to Valdosta, and at night it's easy to become disoriented. That's especially true if you take one of the rural exits in search for a meal or coffee. Looming to your right and left are thick pockets of darkness your headlights don't penetrate. It's easy to imagine bogeymen out there. You can almost see some alien craft hovering silently, touching down. The imagination is a trickster. Anything seems possible.

Yet, Connie is certain she didn't turn off the interstate. So how did she end up wandering around a "grid of streets" on an Air Force base fifteen miles from the interstate? How did she get there? The only way to enter the base was through guard gates secured by armed military police, and you needed a pass to get in. So how did that heavy Olds, packed with belongings, a woman and a kid, get onto the tarmac? Were they somehow transported by alien technology?

In the original version of this story, we questioned the part where Connie stopped at a convenience store on the base. Military bases have commissaries, not convenience stores. Or so we assumed. Recently, we found out that actually there are two convenience stores located on Warner Robins Air Force Base. One is called the Shopette and is near the commissary, and the other is located at the base gas station. Our source, a man who grew up in the town of Warner Robins as the son of an airman, remembers that both existed on the base during his childhood in the 1990s. We're not certain they existed in 1981, but Connie swears she stopped at a convenience store.

In the aftermath, John remembered that they'd been lost, that he'd been frightened, but he couldn't remember why. He recalled driving around on

some kind of weird streets that didn't have any lights or houses and he remembered stopping in the convenience store and driving through the guard gate as they left the base. He was so traumatized and exhausted by the time they reached I-75 that he fell into a profound sleep and didn't wake up until they arrived at their new house. He immediately grabbed a thick blanket and pillow, as Connie did, and laid down on the screen porch and went back into a deep sleep.

Like Connie, John didn’t feel normal for three days and slept a great deal. He doesn't recall the incident, but he knows something awful happened. Since that incident, “visitors” have occasionally intruded into his home at night, Connie said.

As for herself, Connie says the entire experience remains an enigma. Now in her seventies, Connie says she is no longer being abducted. In retrospect, she says she has never had a good experience with the grays.

“I have a degree of paranoia regarding abductions, but ultimately have accepted them as just part of my life.”

If we are to believe the stories told by the multitudes who claim to have experienced UFO/alien encounters, it seems that some are here with the intent to cause harm and possibly lay claim to the planet, others are here for their own purposes and are unconcerned about how their actions affect us.

Finally, there do seem to be some benevolent entities, who come here to protect and guide and help us evolve. In the next chapter, we’ll take a look at one astonishing case of contact with the “good guys.”

3

Alien Lite

There are people living among us that you might see in a restaurant or a grocery store who look normal, act normal, and you don't give them a second thought. For the most part, they like it that way.

That's the case with a retired veterinarian, who resides in Sarasota, Florida. Sandy Simmons—not her real name—doesn't care to become a public figure. But at the same time, she's ready to bring her story out of the shadows. Sandy may look and act normal, but her life is so different from the ones most of us lead that it sounds like fiction.

Mysterious things have been happening to Sandy for a long time. When you hear her story, you might look for ways to explain these events that are different from what she claims. That said, be assured something very unusual is going on, and there are witnesses.

But before getting into the details of her story, here's an entry from Sandy's journal, dated Oct. 5, 1996, when she was in the midst of her career as a veterinarian. It gives a hint about the nature of her life:

My friend Salena called this morning and told me she was holding a small workshop in her home today and invited me to attend. It was a hypnotic regression workshop with the purpose of revealing one's life purpose. When I arrived there was only one other person present and Salena proceeded to guide us into a light, relaxing meditation. She instructed us to ask a question while in this meditation pertaining to an event in our past. I wanted to know when my first direct, fully conscious ET contact occurred. Much to my surprise, it appeared before me in a vision that felt as if I was actually there. I was about 7 or 8 years old and it was during one of my summer visits to my grandparent's farm. It was night, and I was standing in the front field in my flannel nightgown down by the creek near the apple orchard. There were 5 ETs standing with me, and they were just about my size. We were just visiting each other and I had a very clear impression that they were my friends.

From this point, Salena proceeded to use hypnosis to take us even deeper, back to our re-birth to discover our purpose in this life. I was very relaxed; my mind was quieter than it has ever been before. Salena stopped talking and we sat there in deep and peaceful silence with our eyes closed. For a while I

was not getting anything at all, no visions or voices, but I was enjoying the peace. Suddenly, someone was standing beside me just to my right. I could not see the head, only from the shoulders on down... a long bright white robe. I could clearly see the weight and texture of the cloth, it was thick, textured like a heavy weave of silk or linen, and the sleeves were large and roomy with a cuff folded just above the hands. A beautiful golden cord was around the waist as a sash and two heavy tassels hung down from the knot in the middle.

I asked, "Who are you?" and instead of answering me, the being raised his left arm and held something in front of my face. It was a beautiful golden crown and this being appeared to be handing it to me. I recoiled slightly and said, "That's not mine..." He then stepped directly in front of me and placed this crown on my head, then stepped back and stood in silence, never revealing his face to me. I felt the weight of the crown resting on my head and I felt awed and humbled by this experience and said nothing. The man in the robe then turned and walked away and I emerged from my meditation.

When I opened my eyes, Salena and Dot were waiting quietly for me to collect myself. I shook my head and told them something incredible just happened, but I didn't understand the meaning of it. I proceeded to share my experience and Salena just smiled and nodded her head. She said, "Susan, you have an incredible life ahead of you, and you're here to do very important work. If you truly knew who you are, you would run under the bed and hide." I was speechless and shook my head in disbelief. Salena has told me this before and I still don't understand. I guess with time I will find out where all this is leading. I just wish I had the bottom line because I don't like guessing games.

Sandy's crown has not brought her wealth and power. It has brought her something else, something mysterious and awesome—twenty years of frequent contact with spirit beings and aliens. This is her story. It's enfolded within the story of light beings, star people, the history of alien beings that seem interested in guiding and helping us. This is alien light—the other side of alien encounters.

Aliens Among Us

In the 1950s, the idea of alien visitors meant that beings from other

planets somehow traveled great distances in their crafts and arrived here to observe us. If you were a believer, you assumed it would be only a matter of time before these extraterrestrials made themselves known through a public appearance. When that didn't happen, it was assumed that the aliens had realized we were a violent race and contact was too dangerous.

By the 1980s, the believers were becoming divided between those who were convinced that aliens came from other planets—most likely in our own galaxy—and some who suggested the disturbing and mysterious idea that these beings were stranger than we had imagined and were inter-dimensional entities who traveled here from another alternative universe or a parallel world.

Today, nearly half of Americans in polls say they believe that UFOs are alien crafts, and most believers still assume they come from other planets. However, the inter-dimensional perspective has gained considerable traction, especially among hard-core UFO buffs—those who read books on UFO-related matters. To the pro-interdimensional crowd, the idea that aliens travel here by spaceships from distant planets is a quaint point of view—sometimes referred to as the "nuts-and-bolts" perspective. Of course, the inter-dimensional concept is considerably more mysterious than the idea of astronauts visiting from other planets.

That's because during encounters with such beings, paranormal experiences often occur, suggesting that the beings are somehow linked with our brains, our consciousness. The beings communicate telepathically and seem as if they are literally inside of us as well as outside of us. They appear and disappear, move effortlessly through walls, levitate, and travel in crafts that maneuver abruptly at speeds that would kill humans.

The best way to explore the concept of such beings—short of direct contact—is through the stories of encounters, through anecdotes. Numerous so-called abductees have described terrifying experiences, as we detailed in chapter 1. These encounters are typically with the grays, slender four-foot-tall beings with oversized heads and large black eyes that seem to wrap around their faces. But there are other beings reported as well, and some people—including Sandy Simmons—report positive experiences.

Sandy's story is astonishing because of the frequency of contact and its peculiar nature. Clearly, she isn't dealing with entities that exist in physical reality in the same sense that we do. She describes her visitors in terms of quantum physics. "The beings I work with exist primarily in a wave state and

we, as humans, exist as particles. They've been teaching me to exist partially in a wave state and they have learned to exist partially in a particle state."

In other words, our world is denser than theirs, but apparently they are able to manipulate the subatomic world so they can appear here to some extent. The way she describes the nature of the beings is essentially the definition of light, which acts both like a particle and a wave. So the entities could be called "beings of light" or inter-dimensional beings.

Even though they can communicate telepathically, they don't hold conversations with Sandy. Instead, they work with energy. She has kept journals about her experiences since they began in the mid-1990s.

One of her regular visitors is a being that stands more than seven-feet-tall and has long, thin arms and legs. His head is small and oval, with a concave forehead and no obvious mouth or nostrils. His eyes are round and protruding, like those of an insect. His torso, in contrast to his lengthy, gangly limbs, is short and triangular and he has no defined shoulders or hips.

She refers to him as "John" because his real name is unpronounceable. In spite of his startling appearance, Sandy allows him and other alien visitors to perform their "energy work." Here's a description from Sandy's journal of the first energy session with John. Although his appearance is startling, she seems comforted by the presence of a guide she refers to as Gabriel, who she felt would protect her.

Aug. 7, 1996

Thursday I was told they (the ETs) will be working more with my physical body to prepare me to meet them. Although I think I'm ready, my brain wouldn't handle the things I will see and feel. I thought this physical contact would be at a subtle level. Then Saturday night (Aug 3rd), I went to bed around midnight and, as I was lying on my back, my feet suddenly started to sway side-to-side! (Not so subtle!) I clearly experienced someone (something) lifting and moving my feet and legs!

I was wide awake, yet couldn't see anything. But I clearly felt the presence of Gabriel, so I stayed with it. Then, it progressed to a palpation of my torso, deep but gentle. At one point, the swaying and rocking of my feet and legs became very exaggerated, as if the entire bed was swaying. Then, I suddenly shut down and slept. (Jay came home about 3 a.m. after this had happened).

Last night (Aug 6) was incredible! As I lay on my back, pressure was applied to my feet. Then I was turned onto my right side and the pressure was

applied to my legs. It was firm, but comfortable. I then realized I was being turned over onto my belly, and as I lay there, relaxed, the mattress started to roll under me, like waves.

I was alert, not even tired. I held my breath to see if that was contributing to the unmistakable, very real, sensation, but the mattress continued to move. The bed then 'tipped upwards.' Even though it felt like it was actually moving, visibly the bed remained still. This is difficult to comprehend, let alone describe. It rocked and swayed, I was upside-down and sideways. That was the actual sensation. It was really amazing.

I saw a tall single being who was moving the mattress in this way. He was shadowy and had a familiar male energy. Slender and strong. When I first set eyes on him I sat up in shock and cried out "This changes everything!" In my head I heard a simple, "Yes." I was shaking in disbelief and said, "We are so much more than we think we know." And again I was told, "Yes."

Confirmation

If Sandy's story were hers alone, it would be easy to dismiss her experiences as vivid dreams or an overly active imagination. However, her experiences have been shared by her husband and her ex-husband, both of whom have had related encounters. In fact, her ex-husband, who is also a veterinarian, even wrote the charter for a proposed organization called *The Center for Inter-dimensional Studies* that intended to document and explore these encounters.

Her husband, George, works for an engineering company and only has a moderate interest in UFO-related matters. He never researches or reads books on the subject. However, he's supportive of Sandy's explorations and has glimpsed the beings himself. He has also experienced some of the physical phenomena associated with their visits. In particular, he has felt the bed moving in a dramatic wave-like motion beneath him, a phenomenon that Sandy calls the "high seas" and he has seen orbs and other images that appear in the house.

The beings touch Sandy as part of their energy work, but avoid direct contact with her skin. "The touching they do with me is a powerful, energetic interaction," she wrote in an e-mail. "When I talk about the body and bed waves, it is nothing subtle and almost impossible to describe to someone who hasn't experienced it. The high seas or body waves started within the second

or third session with the being I call ‘John’ and continue to this day. My work with the beings has allowed me to deal with an enormous amount of energy without being ‘burned’ on a cellular level.”

Sandy’s Early Life

Encounters with inter-dimensional beings, as Sandy refers to them, have been a regular part of her life for two decades. But her mysterious experiences go back to her childhood.

The first incident occurred when Sandy was about nine years old, home by herself and playing in the living room. Her experience was so strange that she didn’t dare tell anyone. She was on the sofa, pretending it was a ship at sea and the room was the body of water. The ship was sinking, so she had to swim to an “island” across the room—a chair in the corner about ten feet away.

She made a swimming motion towards the chair, and in that instant she floated from the sofa over to the chair. “When I reached the chair, I clung to it, wide-eyed, my heart racing. I felt that I had just done something very wrong and I could never, ever tell anyone about it. I ran from the room and hid, trying to grasp what had just taken place.”

Sandy’s fear about telling anyone about her experience was probably related to growing up in a dysfunctional family. Her father was a navy officer and bacteriologist and worked as the commanding officer of a bacterial warfare research program. She describes him as violent and controlling, often pointing guns at family members whom he ruled with physical abuse and intimidation. He was a veteran of two wars and Sandy thinks he might’ve suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

Her mother, Gina, was an unhappy woman, who yelled and argued and threw things. After years of fighting, her parents divorced in 1970, and the mother and five children moved to a smaller house in Braddock Heights, Maryland. Sandy’s three older sisters soon moved away, leaving her and brother to deal with their mother’s erratic behavior.

Gina was a difficult and bitter woman, who ranted and screamed, blaming everyone for her divorce and lack of money. She became friends with a middle-aged Latin American woman in the new neighborhood, who was involved in black magic. Even though Gina had been a devout Catholic, she was anxious to learn all she could about the dark arts.

She soon met a man at a bar, a low-life alcoholic, who moved into their house. Sandy found him disgusting and wanted nothing to do with him. And for good reason. When Gina was out, he repeatedly tried to molest her. She fought him off every time, but didn't get any help from her mother. When she told Gina about it, she said it was Sandy's own fault and that she deserved it.

A mainstream psychologist might consider Sandy's experience of floating across the living room as a literal flight of fantasy, an escape from her difficult home life. But Sandy says that when she was growing up, she focused on all the good times, especially when she spent summers on her grandparents' farm. She remains convinced that the floating event really happened, and served as a hint for what would come. As she grew older, her life would increasingly include experiences outside of the realm of the daily world.

At age 17, Sandy fled home and never returned. Even though she hadn't graduated from high school, had no money, no car or driver's license, she ended up living and working on a beautiful sheep farm that had a small commercial laboratory. She finished high school in 1976, and for the next five years became the manager of the farm/lab operation. If anything, the disturbing events of her childhood had served to move her out into the *real* world at an early age, not into a world of escapist fantasies.

Sightings

During those years at the farm, more unusual events occurred. She saw her first full-blown apparition when a man dressed as a Civil War officer came through a closed bathroom door, walked past her, and went right through another door in an old, historic house. The ghost was harmless, but it scared the hell out of her. She also experienced visions, particularly of faces and places she didn't know, and she saw auras around some people.

Once, she was with a lover and he freaked out because they were surrounded with a blue and yellow light that looked like the "snow" one would see on a TV station that had signed off for the night. She just accepted these events without much thought because she was too busy with the farm responsibilities to let it interfere with or influence her life.

She also had numerous nebulous experiences with short beings, three to four feet tall, that watched her from the doorways of the various barns on the property. At the time, she thought they were some kind of ghost-children

because of their size. She had no other explanation for their presence. “I used to see them clearly out of the corner of my eye and would whip around sometimes and whisper ‘gotcha,’ hoping to catch one off guard before it vanished. Now I think they were most likely the ‘visitors’ hanging around.”

UFO Encounter

Even though Sandy is in frequent contact with other-worldly beings, she doesn’t consider herself an abductee and, in fact, has encountered a UFO on just one occasion. It took place in 1977 and had a strong impact on her. It wasn’t something she could easily dismiss.

It was evening in early October and she was sitting at a table, reading a Leon Uris novel. Her right arm was broken and in a cast as the result of a fall from a horse the week before. The front door was open and her dog, Daibando, popped the latch on the screen door with his nose and let himself out, as he always did when he needed to relieve himself.

Ten minutes passed and she started wondering what could be taking him so long. Daibando rarely left her side, so when he went outside, he always came back within a few minutes and barked at the door. Finally, puzzled by his absence, she stepped outside, gazed toward the barns and called his name.

She was about to call again when she felt something was wrong. Her skin started to tingle and crawl. She whipped around and saw a massive, incomprehensible thing moving slowly over the mountain. It was a huge, triangular-shaped vessel of some sort, gliding in absolute silence. It was slightly domed underneath and rounded in the back with small silvery white lights along the rim. On the underside were four larger white lights and several green lights.

Sandy froze like a deer in the headlights and just stood there dumbfounded as this giant craft glided overhead and headed south. It was there and gone in a matter of seconds. Yet it all seemed to happen in slow motion, and shudders of fear whipped through her entire body. Suddenly, her dog trotted down from the barn area, his ears flattened back against his head as though he was confused or distressed. She quickly put him in the house, closed the door, and ran in a panic up to the main house.

Cathy, the farm owner, answered the door and Sandy blurted out what she had just seen. She was shaking and stammering as Cathy led her into the

kitchen and gave her a glass of wine to calm her down. She described the craft in detail, asked if there was anyone she should call. Cathy thought of the local military base, because they might know if there were any test crafts in the area.

Sandy talked to a man at the satellite tracking station who said there were no test flights taking place. He became very interested in her story and told her that he knew of a state police sergeant and another officer who recently witnessed a UFO in the area. Sandy called the local state police station and the sergeant was on duty. He was helpful and told her whom to call to report the sighting.

She contacted someone with a 202 area code, which includes Washington, D.C., and told her story. The next morning, three young men showed up at the farm and began asking her questions. They had a tripod and camera, tape recorders and compasses and explained how this area was a hotbed of UFO activity.

They handed her an inch-high stack of reports about UFOs and mentioned that the neighbor across the street, a wealthy businessman, recently reported a similar sighting. Other reports were from residents of Burkittsville, less than a mile away, who recently had awakened in the middle of the night when smoke alarms were set off. When they went outside, a powerful humming vibration was heard throughout the town.

One of the men took Sandy aside and asked if she would be willing to go to the Camp David area on Saturday. She agreed to go, but when her mother heard about it, she said, “Don’t do it Sandy, he’s one of them.”

Sandy burst out laughing because that was a ridiculous thought, especially coming from her mother, who then repeated the warning. By the time she ended the call, Sandy was so confused and frightened that she immediately called the man and told him she couldn’t go. He was upset and wanted to know why, but she cut the conversation short and hung up. It was all getting too weird for her. She just wanted to get back to her normal life.

Moving on

In 1981, Sandy moved to Durham, N.C. to attend college, with plans for a career in science. Six years later, she was accepted into veterinary school, and it was there that she met the man she would marry, and with whom she would share many of her strange experiences with the so-called interdimensional

beings.

One day, she was out at the vet school barn, training one of the young horses, and a man came up to the paddock fence to watch. They greeted each other and he introduced himself as Jay. He was in the junior class, two years ahead of her. After that, they would see each other in the halls of the clinic or in the library and wave.

It was synchronicity—meaningful coincidence—that would bring them closer together. Sandy needed to move nearer to vet school and find a cheap apartment; the one-hour daily commute was brutal. But apartments were scarce. She had only two days before she had to move, and still hadn't found a place she could afford.

Stressed out, with newspaper in hand, she was on the way out of class to look at more apartments when she ran into Jay. They chatted and she told him her predicament. To her surprise, he excitedly said his roommate recently had quit school and moved out just that week and he was desperate for a new housemate! He lived a mile away from school, Sandy's share of the rent would be $125 a month, and dogs were allowed. She still had her German Shepherd, Daibando, and couldn't believe her luck. She moved in on Valentine's Day, 1988, a potent symbol of the relationship that would develop.

Jay graduated the following year and they got married. But the first two years turned into a long-distance relationship when Jay moved two hours away to practice at a clinic in coastal North Carolina. Meanwhile, Sandy remained in Raleigh to finish her degree.

The day after she graduated in May of 1991, she drove to North Carolina to join Jay, but on the way something strange happened. She had made the journey on Route 70 many times and was familiar with the road. She was cruising along at 65 miles per hour through the darkness on the empty road when a huge ball of light appeared out of nowhere and started following her just a foot or two from her rear bumper.

At first, she thought it was a crazy motorcycle rider, but the ball of light was too large and too bright to be a headlight. She was about a mile from Jay's exit and was watching the ball of light when a voice in her head told her to take note of the time. She glanced at her watch. It was exactly 10 p.m.

She started to exit the highway and the ball of light disappeared. When she arrived at Jay's place a few minutes later, she was still shaken and dazed by the experience. She opened the car door, but couldn't move. Jay came out to

greet her and she told him what had happened. They went inside and thirty minutes later her brother called to tell her that their grandmother had just died —at 10 p.m.

"She was the one person in my entire family whom I adored and admired and she was so proud that the first doctor in the family was a woman!"

Shortly after her graduation, Sandy and Jay moved to Annapolis, Maryland where she was hired by a vet clinic. At first, everything went well and she adapted to her new routine. Then, one day a few months into her job, she woke up and was horrified to see seven quarter-sized dark blotches on the left side of her neck. They looked like huge, dark hickies and had appeared overnight.

"As soon as I saw these horrible marks in the mirror, I knew they were somehow related to the extraterrestrial-type beings from years ago. I woke up Jay and showed him the marks, then told him about the ET and UFO experiences I had in my past. He was completely confused by the whole situation.

"I went to a dermatologist, hoping that there was some medical explanation for these marks, but he had no explanation for acute onset of such a large area of hyperpigmentation. He tried to treat it anyway, with no results."

The disfiguring marks remained for several years and she knew deep down that they were indicators of some sort, a constant reminder that there was something she needed to address internally. Meanwhile, things started to get difficult at the clinic. She discovered that her boss was beating animals. Disgusted, Sandy turned in her resignation, but her boss convinced her to stay, assuring her it would never happen again.

But it did, and she stayed on, uncertain what to do about it. Eventually, she would make a difficult decision, but she did so only after the beings reappeared in her life.

Watcher

In 1995, a tall white entity started hanging around, standing at the edge of the yard and looking towards the house. She called him Watcher because that was what he did, nothing else. Then one night, a small female being about three-feet tall appeared at her bedside. Sandy was fully awake as the being stood about a foot away from her face. The being's body was a glowing

cobalt blue, as if she were holographic rather than a physical being.

"I had a deep love for her, and I greeted her as if it was natural for me to see her there. She let me know that she was always with me and we communicated effortlessly via non-verbal thought. I thanked her for visiting me and told her she was very beautiful. Her eyes were deep and wise and the only way I can describe our relationship is that she is a part of me."

Sandy called her Blue.

Soon afterwards, she decided to speak out against her boss and his animal abuse. Doing so was a difficult challenge. She was a relatively new vet, and he was well-liked and well-established in the community. She was also frightened by the man's capacity for violence. She consulted with a lawyer who was horrified and insisted she turn the case over to the state attorney's office right away, rather than try to deal with it on her own.

"I wanted to handle it as quietly as possible because I didn't want it to get out to the media and I wanted to protect the technicians who were my witnesses. It was an ugly situation and I started to panic and cry when I suddenly experienced a 'God-zap,' a sweep of powerful energy that passed through me. It's like a laser beam lightning bolt that comes in through the top of your head and explodes inside of your cells and your very soul with an incomprehensible purity that is Love unlike anything we think of as love on this earth. There is no thought during this experience, just overwhelming passion, joy, love, peace and awe."

Ultimately, she reported her boss to a veterinarian administrative organization and he received psychiatric help. She left the clinic a short time later and the four-year-old marks on her neck finally started to fade. They disappeared completely by the summer of 1996.

By then, the beings were visiting her regularly, performing their energy work, as her journal entry from this period describes.

Aug. 22, 1996

I got home about 6:45 pm and sat on the bed quietly with my eyes closed to calm down. My crown chakra was humming intensely. There was a powerful energy coming in, but I received no visions or eye flutters. Eventually I lay down and John appeared instantly. Right away he started the typical work on my feet and during the process it occurred to me that all the pulling and pushing and waves were some sort of magnetic field that he uses to "move" me. It reminds me of the feeling you get when holding two magnets of the same polarity against each other. It creates a resistance so

that the magnets repel each other energetically.

He moved up to my legs and I decided to try something. All this time he has worked on me I have noticed that he only touches the parts of my body that are covered by the sheet. So I put the sheet over my head this time to see what would happen, and he went straight to my face! (It was the first time he touched my head at all). He worked a lot on my forehead (6th chakra area) and even touched my lips.

At one point I laughed out loud because he came down my forehead with his finger and playfully "beeped" my nose! The realization that I was working with a being that seemed to understand humor was profound! This suggests a possible emotional intelligence, or at least one that understands the human emotions. For me, this is a giant leap in getting to know this fellow.

After a while I got up and did a little work on the computer. I went to bed about 9 p.m. and John appeared again. I could see him very clearly and I noticed that he would slow down and even stop his work on my legs when I opened my eyes. At one point when I was looking at him he started to wave his arms back and forth like windshield wipers. At the time I thought it was part of the work he was doing, so I didn't think much of it.

I closed my eyes again and he continued to work. When I opened my eyes, he would stop and step back. Over and over. Soon the message was very clear to me. He doesn't want me to touch him or look at him, and he won't touch my bare flesh. The arm waves were a signal for, "No, don't do that."

John and I have a difficult time with verbal communication. He uses hand signals and gives me visuals when he wants to communicate or he talks to Jay, who can understand him. I feel that it may have something to do with frightening me, which he doesn't want to do.

A few times, I panicked when he was working on me because he was so physically close to me. Keeping my eyes closed allows me to remain centered and focused. So, I again covered my head with the sheet and right away he went to work on my forehead, touching and rubbing, causing strong pulses in that area. He was even willing to touch my hands for the first time, as long as they were under the sheet.

My eyes were open the entire time I had the sheet over my head and I could clearly see his shadow moving around me through the sheet. Again, this suggests true density! After about forty-five minutes, I was very tired and told him enough, said goodnight and went to sleep.

Probably the most remarkable aspect of Sandy's descriptions of the activities of the being she calls John is that, for the most part, she seems so calm and accepting of his presence and his manipulations of her body. All of it is done without verbal communication. Keep in mind that the creature hovering over her is definitely a strange-looking being, one whose mere appearance—described earlier—would terrify most people.

Another remarkable comment in the journal entry was the mention that Jay was also in contact with the tall, lanky being and apparently could converse with him.

Spirit Guides

What makes Sandy's story even more interesting and somewhat unique is that in addition to the frequent visits by these non-human interdimensional beings, she also mingles with the spirit world. In early 1995, she began to meditate and met three guides—Riba, Jean-Paul and Adam.

"Riba always stood behind my left shoulder. She wore Egyptian garb and had the traditional Egyptian hairstyle, but her face was not entirely human. Her features were very feminine, but smaller and set lower on her face than typical human features, and her skin was milky white."

During one meditation, Sandy left her body and traveled with Jean-Paul. He was driving an old pickup truck and she was riding in the seat next to him. They were moving slowly over a bumpy country road when suddenly a small red and white plane fell out of the sky and crashed in a field near the side of the road.

She watched the plane flip over right before impact and she could see two people hanging upside-down in the cockpit with their seat belts still on. She shouted that they had to help them, because the plane was going to catch fire. But when Jean-Paul just kept driving along very slowly, Sandy got angry and started to pound on the dashboard, screaming that he had to stop.

"I could see the male passenger was moving a little, groping at his shoulder, but the woman pilot was just hanging there and she looked severely injured," she wrote in her journal. "Blood was streaming down from her head and through her blond hair. I was hysterical, but Jean-Paul calmly drove on, saying that the plane wouldn't catch fire, and they would be all right."

A couple of days later, Sandy heard a brief statement on the radio news

that a small plane had crashed in the next county. It caught her attention, but she blew it off as coincidence. The next day, she opened the local section of the newspaper, and there was a story describing the plane crash she had witnessed in detail, exactly what she had seen with Jean-Paul. The article said the pilot and passenger had survived even though the red and white plane had flipped over. The woman was in critical condition and the man in guarded condition in the hospital. They were found hanging upside-down in their seats and fortunately the plane hadn't caught fire.

"I think Jean-Paul demonstrated to me that I need to control my emotions, especially when it involves seeing something that leaves me feeling helpless. If I'm going to see future events in the work we're doing, I can't get so emotional about the situations I might observe."

Jay's connection

Jay was aware that Sandy was having metaphysical experiences, but he just shrugged it off, and continued to focus on building his career. He was eccentric in many ways, a difficult person to live with, a man with serious anger issues. During college, friends had warned Sandy not to get involved with him. As a married couple, they often went their own ways, pursuing their own careers.

Then, in late 1995, Jay began having his own visions. He would close his eyes to relax and the visions would come to him. One consistent vision was a man dressed in battle fatigues standing in front of him. When Jay finally greeted him, the man introduced himself as Davy. He told Jay that they'd been close friends in the past, and that Davy died in a war.

Soon Jay was receiving visions of a very odd being he called the "Blue Meanie." This entity never did anything mean to Jay, but would be in his face every time he closed his eyes, silently looking at him. He was all blue with a shadowy, somber human face, and he wore a strange, jester-type hat. Jay kept pushing him away mentally until one day in a vision he came charging toward Jay, waving his arms.

Jay was startled and concerned. Sandy told him to confront this being and demand an explanation the next time it happened. So he did and the being softly said, *Take my hand.* He then led Jay on an astral journey to a huge white sphere of light that Jay called a "giant snowball," because it was cold to the touch. Once inside the sphere, the Blue Meanie suddenly transformed into

a bright white angel, who towered almost ten feet tall over him and had the face of one of his favorite high school teachers. He then introduced himself as Archangel Gabriel.

"Gabriel" told Jay the reason he used the strange appearance before was to get his attention, that if he had appeared as an angel Jay would have ignored him completely because he didn't believe in angels. He called Jay a "Warrior of the Light," and said that he had been a warrior in many past lives. Later, he also explained that Jay tended to be coldly objective, because it served him to be that way as a warrior in the past. But now it was time to heal. Gabriel also told Jay that his general loathing toward other people was also past-life related in that he felt people would never change, never learn.

On many occasions after that day, Jay was shown his past lives through his angelic guide. Most were simple lives, but there was also a lot of war and violence in his past. Gabriel had a wonderfully gentle sense of humor and for the first few months, Jay was belligerent about having an angel in his life, because he thought it might disrupt his career. At one point, Gabriel stood before him, smiling softly, shaking his head and stroking his beard. "Jay, what am I going to do with you?"

Sandy laughed when she heard the story and told Jay that he was the only person she knew who could frustrate an archangel. Over the next year Jay went through an astonishing transformation, becoming much more warm and loving. Even his family members noticed and asked her what had happened to him.

One of Sandy's journal entries includes an experience she shared with Jay. It begins with a description of her unusual type of contact with seemingly benevolent alien beings.

Sept 20, 1996

L*ast night they did something new. They took my feet and pressed both soles together, lining up the balls and toes of each foot, and held them firmly in place. I felt surges of that static-like energy rush through me and then there was a bright white flash in my face. This didn't occur in my head like a vision, but had an exterior source, like a camera flash going off right in front of my closed eyes, only much brighter. I then had a clear vision of an old man struggling to stand, saw the legs and feet of something not at all human just stomp right through my visual field.*

When we woke up this morning, two ETs were standing at the foot of the

bed. Jay and I sat up in amazement and looked at them. He muttered, "Do you see that, do you see that?"

I laughed and said, "Yeah, pretty incredible, isn't it."

They faded, as if they just wanted us to see them and nothing more. Jay then told me about his recent conversations with these two beings. He said they claimed to be Sirian and one said to call him Marshal. What a funny name for an ET. I thought they would have weird names like Zolar or something. They informed him that I was a Pleiadian, with some Sirian background, and that Jay was 100 percent Sirian. Jay and I both feel this information is bizarre, but I'll record it and make no judgment one way or the other.

Throughout 1995 and into 1996, Sandy and Jay established a new bond. A purpose beyond their careers had come into their lives and Sandy was not as angry anymore at Jay's egocentric behavior. They felt connected in the work they were doing with the beings. In general, Sandy was dealing with the ETs, such as John, Watcher and Blue, while Jay was in a different program with more focus on angels and healing his anger and insensitivity. "Our paths were the same as our marriage; together yet separate," she recalled.

Surprise, Surprise!

Then George came into her life.

In May of 1996, she was chatting with a friend on AOL, and was about to sign off when she received an instant message (IM) from a stranger. That happened a lot and she was about to blow him off. But she hesitated. He said her screen name caught his eye and he felt a need to IM her. Her screen name was Sister7, based on the Pleiades. He didn't know the meaning of the name, but liked it.

At first, she thought he was a typical jerk trying to pick her up online. Instead, she found him polite and sincere. He told her he was married with two daughters and was recovering from surgery related to a perforated ulcer that almost killed him. They became friends online, and always kept their conversation light.

A couple of weeks later, she told George about her ET involvement and that she'd just had contact the day before with a being she called Watcher. George wrote back: "Sandy, I know about those guys. I know what you're

talking about!" He then proceeded to explain the UFO experience he had with a friend at the age of fourteen. Their online conversations were more heart-to-heart after that day.

During one such conversation, she was looking at the screen, waiting for his next sentence to come up, when she gasped and sat upright in her chair. She sensed he was right there, standing behind her, and she felt an incredible surge of love. Excited, she typed, "You were just here!" At the exact same time, he wrote: "I don't know what just happened, I just spaced out for a minute."

They acknowledged their deep love for each other after this experience and it threw her into a panic. It was confusing and didn't make sense. She thought the beings were testing her and she became angry. After all, she was a faithful wife in spite of her difficult marriage. She was fighting her feelings for George, who she'd never met in person, and trying to convince herself that she was being ridiculous. They were both married and had different lifestyles. She'd never even seen a photo of him, but somehow she knew what he looked like, and even what he wore every day.

A couple of months into her online relationship, Sandy heard something from Jay that stunned her. Jay's guide, Gabriel, told him, "Tell Sandy to let you go. You are one of Sandy's blocks." Even though she was being drawn to Florida where George resided, she was resisting for fear of hurting Jay. Gabriel's declaration just made her angry.

"I was furious. It seemed that after eight years, I finally had a reason to stay with Jay, with all the work we were doing with the angels and ETs, and now I was being pulled away," she wrote to a friend a couple of years later. "I'll never forget that day in my living room when I shook my fist in the air and yelled at the top of my lungs, 'Butt out, Gabriel, I'm not your pawn!'"

Finally, she made up her mind to tell Jay about George. She was going to ask Jay to help her fight off her feelings for the man. "I came into the room where Jay was reading and sat down, very depressed and stressed out. Just before I opened my mouth, Gabriel came in with such force it threw me back into the chair. My eyes rolled back and fluttered uncontrollably and the top of my head felt as if it was coming off. I told Jay that Gabriel was here and wanted to talk to him."

Jay put down his book, closed his eyes for a few minutes, then opened them and said, "Wow, that was weird." Gabriel had warned Jay of dangers ahead. Sandy understood and didn't mention George. She decided she would

handle the situation on her own by flying to Florida and meeting George. Her plan was to say hello and goodbye.

She was convinced that once they were face-to-face, she would fully accept that they were from different worlds and end her silly fantasy. It had been twelve years since she'd had a vacation, and she'd been telling Jay all year that she wanted to go on a mini vacation somewhere on her own. She decided that she could accomplish two things by going to Florida. She'd always wanted to see the Gulf coast, so she booked a waterfront room in Clearwater for four days.

George knew her intentions were to meet, then part as friends and return to her life with Jay, and he supported her decision. The problem was that George would never have been able to get away from home, even for an afternoon, because his wife kept close taps on his whereabouts. But an astonishing and unlikely synchronicity unfolded that allowed George to spend the weekend with Sandy. George's wife decided to take a cruise on those same days and she took their daughters along, leaving George alone. So he drove up to Clearwater where Sandy was staying.

When Sandy first saw him, she realized he was a very sick man, still close to death even though it had been four months since his surgery. He was emaciated and pale, a mere one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His eyes were sunken and dark and he was an emotional wreck. In their online talks, he had never said anything bad about his wife of twenty-two years and avoided talking about her. That weekend Sandy learned that George's wife was extremely abusive, constantly screaming at him. He was a quiet and humble man and only stayed with her to protect his daughters, since she spread the abuse to them as well.

He cried in Sandy's arms with an agony that made her cry too and she performed a healing on him that had a powerful affect. They then spent the next two days enjoying each other's company, telling stories and laughing, as if they were old friends.

She fell even deeper in love with George, but Sandy was still determined to return to her marriage. George didn't want to interfere, so when she left, it was with the understanding they would never see each other again. "It was a painful goodbye, but I used every ounce of will I had to return to my regular life."

George, on the other hand, decided to leave his wife. His youngest daughter had turned eighteen, and he knew that if he didn't end the marriage,

he would die.

For the next few weeks, Sandy couldn't stop thinking of George and was miserable. Finally, she realized she wasn't listening to her heart and knew she needed to be with him. She sent him an email and explained her feelings. He was suffering too and prayed silently she would return to him. He was overjoyed with her decision. She visited him again a couple of months later and that was when he started to experience the 'God-zaps' and they started to simultaneously share visions.

She told Jay she wanted to move to Florida someday, but she had no idea it would happen as fast as it did. He suspected there was a man involved, but didn't want to discuss it. The beings had told him that Sandy needed to let *him* go. He also knew that she had a difficult time in cold weather and would be happier in the warmer climate. Sandy finally understood Gabriel's efforts to get Jay involved in her decision to leave. "I experienced that marvelous moment of clarity, that instant when the heel of the palm makes sharp contact with the forehead and the words, 'Oh, I get it,' fall from the lips."

Jay was understanding and willing to let her go—thanks to the intervention of the beings. But Sandy had no idea that when she returned from her trip a drama was about to unfold in which her dealings with the beings would be turned into something scandalous.

Upon her arrival home from Florida, she had only $50 to her name and would be losing her lab job when the grant money ran out at the end of the month. Money was tight, but nevertheless she used the $50 to buy her mother a birthday present. She found an exquisitely illustrated book on angels and drove up to see her that weekend, excited about giving it to her.

Over the past couple of years, her mother seemed to have taken an interest in spiritual growth, and Sandy did everything she could to encourage it so her mother would avoid her destructive tendencies. She even planted a perennial flower garden in her yard and called it her healing garden with the hope her mother would gain gentleness through the beauty of nature. She also told her mother about the beings and how she accepted their presence and appreciated their energy work.

While she was kind to her mother, Sandy also would stand up to her meddling and manipulations, and abusive behavior towards her or her siblings. But on the day before her mother's birthday, everything was fine between them. Later in the day, one of Sandy's sisters called and announced that everyone was chipping in to buy mom a big TV for her birthday and she

wanted $150. Sandy explained that she didn't have any money and that she already gave mom her birthday present. Her sister seemed to be okay with that and said nothing more about it.

However, a few days later she received a call from her mother, who started screaming about Sandy not helping pay for the television. Then, when Sandy tried to respond, she slammed down the phone. At first, Sandy was crushed because she'd given her a very special present from her heart. Then she became angry because her entire family was upset with her.

After Sandy stopped taking their calls, her mother turned on her completely and told everyone in the family that Sandy was possessed by demons. She took everything Sandy had shared with her about the beings and twisted it into a horrible pack of lies. She started calling Sandy's friends, old classmates and coworkers and telling them Sandy was a member of a cult.

Sandy couldn't believe it. All of this over a stupid TV? She was totally dumb-founded. She had never been mean or cruel to her family. It just wasn't part of her nature. But now she knew it was time to turn away. Meanwhile, her plans to move to Florida were already evolving. With Jay's support, she prepared to quietly depart in April of 1997. Jay, following Gabriel's urging to protect Sandy, fended off inquiring family members and helped her prepare to leave.

In spite of her efforts to avoid her family, an incident occurred that—except for the help of one of her guides—would have exposed her plans to quietly disappear. As she was shopping for some Florida clothes at the mall, she suddenly received an urgent message from an angelic guide. She was told to visit Joan, a long-time friend she hadn't seen for months. It was an odd request, since she had no plans to see Joan before she left. In fact, Sandy didn't like being around her very much because Joan tended to be nosy and pushy.

However, she was aware that Joan knew she was moving, that she'd found out through a friend of Jay's. Sandy immediately left the mall and drove to Joan's house, dropping in unannounced. Joan was surprised to see her and made a pot of coffee. They sat down at the kitchen table and were exchanging casual comments when the phone rang. It was Sandy's mother. She yelled at Joan so loudly that Sandy could hear her. Joan just hung up and said to Sandy, "I was just attacked, on *my* phone, in *my* home, by *your* mother!"

Sandy's mother had no idea she was there at the time. However, Sandy was certain that if she hadn't been there, Joan would have revealed her plans.

Her mother called a minute later and left a threatening message on Joan's answering machine. It gave Sandy goose bumps as her mother spoke in a voice that reverberating with rage. "You dare hang up on me, Joan? You dare to do that? Just wait, you'll pay, you'll be sorry, just you wait…"

Joan gave the answering machine the finger and said, "Screw you, Gina."

Sandy left town the next day and Jay waited a month before he told her family that she'd left. Sandy gave him a post office box address and a voice mail number that couldn't be traced to an address. She sent letters to her brother and sisters that were gentle, but firm. She wanted nothing to do with them and their bad behavior, and asked them to please respect her privacy. But that didn't stop them.

Her brother called the police in Sarasota with an outrageous story that she was a victim of domestic violence. He also called Jay and threatened to put up missing person posters all over Sarasota. He even flew to Florida where he staked out her mailbox for three days.

Sandy finally threatened the family with restraining orders and a lawsuit charging character assassination. They still tried to harass her and Sandy's mother even called some of George's clients seeking information about her. But they couldn't find out where she lived.

Her family continued to make Jay's life difficult with repeated calls and threats, but he fended them off. Two months after Sandy's move, Jay lost his job and found a new on in California, so he was also able to escape.

Once Sandy and Jay were divorced Sandy married George on September 18, 1998, a year and a half after moving to Florida. A wedding photo shows the couple on the beach at Siesta Key, near Sarasota, with a rainbow streaking down from the heavens to Sandy's head. "It rained all day and stopped twenty minutes before the ceremony," she recalls. She and George have lived in Sarasota ever since, and Sandy continues to experience regular contact with the beings.

Part of what makes Sandy's story so unique and intriguing is the apparent intervention of angels and aliens in the dramatic events that unfolded in her personal life. What's even more remarkable is that she, Jay, and George heeded the advice of beings that would terrify most of us.

4

Spying on Aliens

Considering that mainstream science contends there is no proof that psychic abilities are real or that space aliens even exist, it seems beyond strange that for twenty-three years the U.S. Army and the CIA sponsored a psychic spying program and that in at least one instance beings from elsewhere were the target of such spying.

Here's how such a program came about. In 1970, Prentice Hall published *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain* by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder. This book apparently created enough of a stir within intelligence circles so that certain steps were taken. According to remoteviewed.com, one of these steps occurred in 1973, when the Rand Corporation was hired "to determine if paranormal phenomena existed, how the Russians were investigating it and how this tallied with American efforts."

The 33-page report, available at the above website, is fascinating to read. It covers the nature of paranormal phenomena, possible military applications, the differences between Soviet and U.S. research, paranormal research centers in the Soviet Union and the U.S., and funding in both countries. The study concluded that "if paranormal phenomena do exist, the thrust of Soviet research appears more likely to lead to explanation, control, and application than U.S. research."

From 1972 to 1995, more than $20 million was poured into the government's psychic spy program, Stargate. The army and various intelligence agencies including the CIA, FBI and DIA, were involved. Psychic spying is typically referred to as remote viewing (RV), which is a form of clairvoyance—the ability to see objects or events that are distant or shielded from normal vision. While incidents of clairvoyance—such as glimpsing a scene from an earthquake—can happen spontaneously, remote viewing follows particular procedures in which the subject seeks to describe a specified target, but is not told what it is.

On the remoteviewed.com site you can read the PDFs of actual RV sessions with some of the notable remote viewers – Joe McMoneagle, Lynn Buchanan, David Morehouse, Angela Thompson Smith, Paul H. Smith, and Ed Dames. There's even a session where Linda A is in training and attempting to read a sealed envelope with Uri Geller's photo inside. Even if

you don’t know much about the history of psi research in this country, these documents are compelling.

Most of the targets dealt with defense and national security issues and involved psychically spying on enemies. However, on rare occasions the targets were literally out of this world. One of the most intriguing sessions involved Joe McMoneagle, who was referred to as Remote Viewer #001.

The session took place on May 22, 1984 and the transcript was released sixteen years later, on August 8, 2000. The cover sheet of the transcript reads:

Method of site acquisition:

Sealed envelope coupled with geographic coordinates.

The sealed envelope was given to the subject immediately prior to the interview. The envelope was not opened until after the interview. In the envelope was a 3X5 card with the following information:

The planet Mars

Time of interest approximately

1 million years B.C.

Selected geographic coordinates, provided by the parties requesting the information, were verbally given to the subject during the interview.

As we read through the material, our immediate question was who in the government had made such an exotic request. We contacted McMoneagle and asked him about the session. He said the target and coordinates were provided by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, a federally funded research and development center associated with NASA. McMoneagle’s monitor for the session was author and consciousness researcher Robert Monroe.

Considering that McMoneagle was asked to remote view information from a card sealed in an envelope, his response is stunning. He described enormous dust storms, pyramid forms, aqueducts, and underground shelters. At one point, he reported “severe clouds, more like dust storms” that were the result of and the aftereffects of a major geological event. He described mountains of dirt that appeared and disappeared, large flat surfaces, and megalithic structures.

Monroe, his monitor, asked McMoneagle to move back to the time before the geographical upheaval and to report any activity that he saw. Joe’s perceptions were of people who were very tall and thin. “It’s only a shadow. It’s as if they were there and they’re not anymore.”

Monroe instructed McMoneagle to go back to a period of time when these people were present. Initially, McMoneagle encountered interference, like

“static on a line,” where the connection broke up and became fragmented. His monitor advised him to report raw data rather than try to piece things together.

“I just keep seeing very large people. They appear thin and tall, but they’re very large…wearing some kind of strange clothes.”

At this point, Monroe told him to hold onto this time period and to move to another physical location. He then gave McMoneagle a new set of geographical coordinates, within this same time period—46.45 north and 353.22. These coordinates yielded new information.

McMoneagle found himself deep inside what he thought was a cavern, but said it was more like a canyon and he was looking up the sides of “a steep wall that seems to go on forever. And there’s like…a structure with a…it’s like the wall of the canyon itself has been carved. Again, I’m getting a very large structure, no…ah, no, intricacies, huge sections of smooth stone.”

His monitor asked if the structures he saw had interiors and exteriors. McMoneagle said they did. He described the interior as huge, but like a rabbit warren. “Perception is that the ceiling is very high, walls very wide.”

Monroe told McMoneagle to move to another location nearby, within this same time frame: 45.86 north and 354.1 east. At these coordinates, McMoneagle described the end of a large road and a “marker thing that’s very large, keep getting Washington monument overlay, it’s like an… obelisk.”

Once again, Monroe provided a new set of coordinates—35.26 north and 213.24 east. McMoneagle described a high range of ragged mountains that formed a very large basin range where he was. Everything was huge, and the only thing he saw was a “right angle corner.”

With the next coordinates, 34.6 north, 213.09 east, McMoneagle reported a cluster of squares up and down that were almost flush with the ground. “It’s like they’re connected…something very white or reflects light.” Monroe asked what his position of observation was as he looked at these objects that reflected light.

McMoneagle replied that he was at an oblique left angle and that the sun was “weird.”

We wondered how geographic coordinates on Mars were calculated and a Google search, of course, yielded the answer. Planetary scientists use two different Martian coordinate systems: planetographic and planetocentric. In both systems, latitude is measured in degrees north and south of the Martian

equator. But with planetographic, which was probably used in 1984 when McMoneagle did this viewing, longitude is measured from 0 to 360 degrees to the west; in planetocentric coordinates, longitude is measured from 0 to 360 degrees to the east.

The next set of coordinates, the *sixth* set, were close to where McMoneagle was situated: 34.57 north and 212.22 east. With the new set of coordinates, McMoneagle described a radiating pattern of some kind, intersecting roads that were dug into valleys, "real neat channels… they're very deep, it's like the road went down."

Monroe remarked that McMoneagle had "nulled out a bit" and encouraged him to recapture his focus. McMoneagle replied that it was difficult, information was sporadic. These comments were similar to what he'd said earlier about the static in the connection.

When McMoneagle became focused again, Monroe gave him another set of coordinates: 15 degrees north, 198 degrees east. McMoneagle reported things like aqueducts, road beds that resembled carved channels. The horizon, he noted, looked "funny and weird…misty…. like it's really far away."

Once again, his monitor provided a new set of coordinates: 80 degrees south, 64 degrees east. Here, McMoneagle reported pyramids that were huge, that served as shelters from storms. Monroe instructed McMoneagle to enter one of the pyramids and report on any activity he saw.

"Different chambers," he said, "…but they're almost stripped of any kind of… furnishings or anything, it's like ah…strictly functional place for sleeping or that's not a good word, hibernations… I get real raw inputs, storms, savage storms, and sleeping through storms."

Monroe asked McMoneagle to tell him about the ones who slept through the storms.

"Very tall… very large…people, but they're thin, they look thin because of their height and they dress like in, oh hell, it's like a real light silk, but it's not flowing type of clothing, it's like cut to fit."

Monroe then instructed McMoneagle to move closer to one of these entities and ask for information about this race. And that's where things got very interesting.

"They're ancient people. They're ah…they're dying, it's past their time or age. They're very philosophic about it. They're looking for ah…a way to survive and they just can't…they're hanging on while they look or wait for something to return or something coming with the answer."

When Monroe asked what these people were waiting for, McMoneagle said a group or a party of them had left to find a new place to live. “It’s like I’m getting all kinds of overwhelming input of the corruption of their environment. It’s failing very rapidly and this group went somewhere, like a long way to find another place to live.”

Monroe asked what caused the environment disturbance and it’s apparent from the transcript that McMoneagle was picking up a lot of raw data that was difficult to decipher.

“I get a globe…ah…it’s like a globe that goes through a comet’s tail or… it’s through a river of something but it’s all very cosmic. It’s like space pictures.”

When Monroe asked how the search party had left, McMoneagle replied that he got the impression of a “large boat” with “rounded walls and shiny metal.” Sounds like the interior of a spacecraft, doesn’t it?

Monroe suggested that McMoneagle should accompany the search party to wherever they were going, so he did. His description is eerie. “…a really crazy place with volcanoes and gas pockets and strange plants.” McMoneagle described it as a volatile place, “like going from the frying pan into the fire.” But he pointed out there was more vegetation here than in the other place, which had none. We wondered if their destination could have been Earth in its early formative years?

This effort, essentially to spy on ancient aliens from Mars, took place more than three decades ago. Since then, our knowledge about the red planet has expanded. When the rover Curiosity landed on Mars in 2012, it began transmitting data back to Earth. “As Mars became a planet and its magma solidified, catastrophic outgassing occurred while volatiles were delivered by the impact of comets and other small bodies,” said Dr. Chris Webster at NASA’s Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, lead author on one of the studies of the rover’s data. Webster and his team believe a major event destroyed the atmosphere around four billion years ago.

So it’s possible that McMoneagle was viewing the collapse of the Martian atmosphere after the planet had gone through some sort of catastrophic encounter with a comet or some other space object. In that scenario, the tall, thin individuals he saw had put themselves into some sort of hibernation in the hopes that they would survive until the search party returned. Of course, there’s a discrepancy between four billion and one million years.

In March 2013, newscientist.com reported that NASA’s Curiosity rover

had discovered definitive evidence that Mars was once suited for life. This evidence came in the scoop of grey powder that was drilled from Martian rock near an ancient streambed called Yellowknife Bay.

“This is probably the only definitively habitable environment that we’ve described and recorded,” said David Blake, the principal investigator for the rover’s Chemistry and Mineralogy instrument, known as CheMin.

According to New Scientist, the team was seeking three things that, when combined, spell habitability: a non-acidic environment; enough water for microbes to thrive in; and minerals that could act like batteries, allowing electrons to flow and bring energy to any potential organisms. They found all three.

The sample of grey dust indicated the presence of smecite, a clay mineral that forms in the presence of water. The CheMin also detected minerals that suggested the water was pH neutral and carried substances capable of supplying microbes with energy.

"We have found a habitable environment that is so benign and supportive of life that probably if this water had been around and you had been on the planet, you would have been able to drink it," said rover project scientist John Grotzinger.

While the rover project dealt with dust particles, McMoneagle saw what appeared to be inhabitants on Mars. It sounds like science fiction, but why would someone from NASA provide those specific targets? We also wondered if McMoneagle ever remote viewed other alien targets during his years with the Stargate project and afterwards.

Those were some of the things we were curious about when we interviewed the former government psychic spy, who now does remote viewing for private clients. We provided questions through email and McMoneagle sent back his responses.

What do your recall of that session that targeted the planet Mars one million years in the past?

“At the time, I was working with Bob Monroe in his lab over extended weekends. This had been set up by the army in the hopes that it would shorten my cool down periods and extend my abilities to remote view. I was becoming very stressed by the demands within the Stargate Project.

“From approximately mid-1982 until September 1st of 1984, I was the only remote viewer left within the unit, so I was carrying the full load. This was beginning to wear thin. So, Bob was working with me in his lab to try

and reduce the stress and increase my ability to respond. During this period of working with Bob, they would occasionally bring down a test target to see how I was doing. It could be a target of importance or simply one utilized to test my abilities.

"On this one occasion, I was taking a nap during lunch hour inside the controlled isolation chamber in the lab, when Bob woke me up by announcing that he had a target for me. Lieutenant (Skip) Atwater had brought him a card with seven sets of coordinates on it, and an envelope which was sealed. Bob told me he had the target envelope in his shirt pocket and that he would read off the coordinates to me one at a time, and I was to describe what I saw at each set. I agreed.

"What I remember is that the first coordinate was a huge pyramid, like none I'd ever seen before. I asked him if this was a new discovery, because it seemed this was larger than the one at Giza, Egypt. He said he didn't know, all he had was the sealed envelope and the coordinates. So, I described it to him. He gave me another coordinate and this one appeared to be some kind of a ruin. And on it went.

"I remember at one point looking up at the location and getting a very strange impression of the sun. I told Bob, 'The sun, it looks very weird.'

"He said: 'I'm not interested in the sun, I'm interested in what's at the coordinate.'

"At the end of the session neither he nor I could figure out what this target was – it was mostly ruins, a few pyramid shapes, and feelings like the whole thing had to do with the preservation of life, the need to pass along a great deal of information. I began seeing a race of people who were very much like us, but much larger – like, huge larger – over ten feet in height. And these people were fighting to stay alive, were building hibernation chambers inside pyramids, and trying to put aside information for those who might come later, informing them of what had gone wrong.

"In any event, when we finished the remote viewing effort, Skip Atwater asked Bob to open the envelope and tell us what was inside. The card within the envelope said: MARS ONE MILLION BC. It really surprised us both.

"I asked Skip where the coordinates had come from. He said they originated with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (NASA).

"When I was doing the viewing, I kept getting a really sad feeling – these people were losing their home, and a handful had volunteered to stay behind to try and set up messages for those who might come after them. I got the

distinct feeling that the pyramids were being set up to be used as hibernation chambers, and some point at some time in the near future they had some expectation that someone would eventually find them and understand what they did to save their people. It was very moving. I don't think I expected such a powerful response to the remote viewing."

Were you ever given other targets that involved other aliens or UFOs while you worked in the Stargate program?

"There was only one "formal tasking" of a UFO that was ever done within Stargate and I did the viewing on that target, which was about the 1981-82 time period. It was an object caught within a photograph of another target site.

"The agency with the photograph tasked me with describing the actual target site with the hope that I would pick up on the object – which I did. I said that it was approximately 300 feet across, traveling at near 3,900 MPH, and had just made a perfect 90-degree turn to the right. It was almost 30 feet tall in the center tapering out to nothing at the edges, and moving along at approximately 13,500 feet altitude.

"They eventually verified my statements as being correct, but I was told it was actually a high-altitude weather balloon flattened by high winds and moving fast within the stratosphere. I would say that was a healthy load of bull. My sense was it was remotely piloted and no entity of any kind was aboard. There was a lot of detail about a drive system, but I can't remember much of the detail because it was quite confusing from beginning to end and never made any sense at all in my own mind.

"By the time I finished, I was in an altered state. UFO's are like that . . . they're smoke to almost anyone who sees them or studies them, regardless as to whether or not it's a private individual or the government. In all the decades we've been collecting photographs and information on them, I'd hazard to say no one knows any more about them today than they did when all the sightings began hundreds of years ago. UFO's are multi-reality engines built to cross space and time going in 'all' directions."

Have you ever remote viewed the alleged crash in Roswell in 1947? If so, what did you find?

"Yes, I have remote viewed the alleged crash at Roswell, but not while I

was involved in the Stargate program. I do not believe it ever happened. It is my belief that the real crash was a two-part crash that took place in Socorro, New Mexico approximately 170 miles west-northwest of Roswell. It is actually almost due west, just south of Albuquerque, and just north of Truth and Consequences. There was a crash there that is almost never referred to. If someone brings up the crash at Socorro however, almost without exception, Roswell becomes the front-page news. It is my belief that they use Roswell as a distraction to draw people away from the crash site at Socorro that I believe is the more important crash site.

"There is still a great deal of material that can be found at and around the Socorro crash site, while there is none to be found near Roswell. Roswell is a cover or distraction. The materials found surrounding the Socorro site are well established as being from a very high intensity, and very hot impact. The heat created at Socorro probably exceeded 1800 degrees in places immediately following the vehicle crash.

"It is also my belief that there were at least two crashes at the Socorro site, which occurred exactly twenty years apart almost to the minute. There are reasons for this as well. The Socorro site represents an ingress/egress point into and out of our time/space locale – a specific requirement attached to their modality of travel star-to-star."

Other than the tall, thin entities you remote viewed on Mars, have you ever seen any other alien entities? Or the inside of a craft?

"Yes, I have. I've been working on two or three UFO incidents which I believe are truly alien craft and not some mistaken crash site that includes our own aircraft. When I first started viewing these targets, I kept getting the same thing over and over again. It looked like the old hippie peace sign, a large "Y" inside a circle. Only the circle was missing. So, it looked like an equilateral "Y" with angles all the same, and lengths of each line all the same. I couldn't get past this image for many months. Until finally one afternoon, I had an epiphany.

"What the "Y" is, *is the inside or outside corner of an empty box.* I suddenly realized they, whoever they are, had given me a target so simple that it almost defied description or at least understanding. As soon as I discovered this, the target then constantly morphed into entire boxes. They have been able to block me on nearly a consistent basis. But, nearly consistent, isn't all the time. Once in a while I've been able to catch a peek

behind the boxes, and to see things I'm sure they do not expect me to see.

"In those instances, I've seen control systems that are part biological and part physical, so I would have to say their ships are hybrid systems made up of grown materials within material frameworks. They communicate with their ships much as we would consider mind-to-mind communications to be.

"I've also seen what I call their "skin suits" which are the environmental suits they must wear if they are exposed to our atmosphere. They are highly vulnerable to our biological systems. They are deeply afraid of the many viruses and biological agents we carry within our bodies and which are swimming in our air and waters or found within animals and plants, and the very dirt at our feet. They have little immunity to them. So, they wear hazard suits—what I call skin suits.

"Also, to protect themselves from the agents, they must immerse themselves in order to eradicate these elements whenever they re-board their ships. These skin suits hide their features completely, and make them all look the same. The large eyes people report are the protective lenses that cover their eyes.

"Likewise, these skin suits protect them from us as well. Our instinctive reactions would kick in if one of them appeared in their natural state to us. Our reactions would be instant and violent. They understand that we are a violent and reactive species and that is one of the reasons they do not make contact with us openly, but only do so when the circumstances are right and they are in full control.

"We think we are their equals, but this is simply arrogance. They are half a million years ahead of us, in capability. They jump star-to-star without effort, and operate on ancient rules that far and away transcend our understanding for how things work. Our belief in their abilities as alien creatures is pitifully under reaching, and we are quite primitive in our understanding of their limits and abilities. And while we might consider them butt ugly, they consider us to be half a step behind a chimp in our development.

"I continue to try and remote view the interior of their craft and see what they obviously do not want me to see. Sometimes I get the sense that they let me see what they feel I can handle, and bit by bit I'm developing a slightly better view of what they are and what they're intent might be. My feeling is that it would be seriously in error to believe that we have any kind of intelligence equal to their reality.

"But, one thing is clearly apparent to me – they do have a belief in a

higher form or overall creator, but it is nothing like ours might be. Their God is not the god of our fathers, nor is it a God that aspires to know us better, or that we aspire to understand. It is a God of rules that are very clearly stated and understood. These rules as they understand them, dictate that if you understand, then you live – if you do not understand, you die."

What is the most distant point in the past that you have remote viewed? What's the most distant point in the future you have remote viewed?

"The most distant time into the past that I've remote viewed is the beginnings of life on planet Earth. This represents hundreds of millions of years and goes back to a time when the planets had different orbits and different positions within the solar system. Mars was inside Earth's orbit, and both of their orbits were outside those of Saturn and Venus.

"Since then a lot has changed, to include the loss of a planet that now no longer exists, but has become the asteroid belt. Saturn has many moons, but now has a much larger orbit outside our own, and its rings are the remnants of three moons that used to circle the planet. We switched places with Mars approximately two million years ago, and this resulted in Mars's demise as a life-bearing world. There have been many changes.

"The most distant time in the future would have to be the end of our star and the death of our world as a result. This takes place over a period of tens of thousands of years. It occurs in a number of steps that first freezes then heats up our planet Earth to the point it basically dissolves to dust and is sucked back into the core of our Sun. We will have chosen another place to live long before this should occur.

"By the time this happens, we will have terra-formed Mars back into another Earth type planet, we will have transformed a number of asteroids into a number of deep space exploration ships, and we will have made contact with other like beings from at least three other star systems. Our rule books will have changed by then to include those providing us with a deeper understanding of our origins than would have ever been possible with a belief in a Creator. Humanistic understanding will have reformed to an understanding of the importance of life itself, why we exist, and what our responsibilities are within at least our own universe if not back to the beginning of time; and other things which are just not explainable within our current context."

Remote viewing doesn't always work on every target, and sometimes remote viewers are wrong. Often times, the reason is that their analytical minds interfere and mislead them. However, two factors lead us to believe that remote viewing is beyond strange. First, the remote viewers do not know what the target is. It's typically sealed in an envelope. So if the target is an event, the possible choices are literally endless. Yet, they are often on target. The other factor that we find significant is that even though the government no longer sponsors psychic spying, the original Stargate remote viewers have continued on working for private entities and also teaching hundreds, if not thousands, of new remote viewers. If it were fraudulent or an unsuccessful practice, it would have died away long ago. Yet it continues, and anyone can research and find descriptions and videos of remote viewing sessions on the Internet. Several of the Stargate remote viewers also have written books about their experiences.

5

Walking into the Past

The Great Hurricane of 1780 was also known as Hurricane San Calixto, the Great Hurricane of the Antilles, and the 1780 Disaster. The massive storm roared through the Lesser Antilles, Puerto Rico, Hispaniola, and Bermuda in mid-October of that year. Between 20,000-22,000 people were killed and winds gusted up to 200 miles an hour. It's considered the deadliest hurricane ever to hit the Atlantic. As the storm ravaged Bermuda, the hamlet of St. Catherine was literally wiped from the map, all the buildings destroyed, all the residents killed.

John Murphy knew nothing about that storm or the village.Yet, one day more than half a century ago, he and a new friend, Barbara somehow seemingly walked back in time, back to the village of St. Catherine, as it existed before the storm. What makes this story beyond strange is that it not only involves time travel, but also a possible connection with a past life. In both respects, there's surprising evidence that supports these contentions.

The two people involved in this tale of romance and intrigue were both successful in their careers, well respected, and have no reason to fabricate such a story. But they want it told so that people can understand that there's much more to our lives and our existence than we typically acknowledge or experience in our daily world.

John & Barbara

In 1964, John Murphy was stationed aboard a US Coast Guard cutter that on Thanksgiving Day was docked at Pennos Wharf near St. George, Bermuda. After a Thanksgiving dinner, John went ashore in the afternoon with three of his friends and the four men happened to meet four student nurses in the US Navy Nurse Corps. A nice coincidence that would become a very meaningful one for John Murphy. The nursing students had caught a "hop"on an Air Force cargo flight from Wisconsin and were staying in a hotel in St. George.

John was instantly attracted to one of the young women and she seemed equally interested in him. After taking the nurses on a tour of the ship, they debarked as four couples. John and his new friend, Barbara, went off on their

own toward Fort St. Catherine. This massive fortress stands between St. Catherine Beach and Achilles Bay and was built by Richard Moore, Bermuda's first governor, in 1614. He built the fort to defend the island from Spanish attacks. It has been renovated several times over the centuries.

They sat on a stone wall near the fort and watched the sunset. They both confessed that they had an overwhelming and uncanny sense that they already knew each other. Yet, both were engaged to someone back in the States and neither one was looking to have an affair.

As the sun sank into the sea, they abandoned the wall and felt drawn toward a narrow lane heading away from the fort. It was barely light when they came upon a small rise in the road and found themselves captured by a sense of eeriness again. They each seemed to know what was on the other side of the hill, even though neither had ever come this way. John said they would see a small eighteenth century British village with a church dominating the village square. Barbara had a similar reaction and added that they would see a clock on the steeple of the church. It was broken and displayed 12:30.

When they reached the crest of the hill, they were shocked to see everything as they'd envisioned it, including the clock stuck at 12:30. As they walked downhill toward the village, they both felt a sense of familiarity. They didn't see any people, but most of the structures were illuminated by lanterns visible inside their windows.

As they walked past the church, they felt drawn to the large graveyard beside it. Holding hands, with only a flashlight for illumination, they walked through the cemetery and sat down on a low stone wall separating the two major sections of the graveyard—one side for whites, the other for blacks. They somehow knew the graveyard's segregated layout.

Nothing about that evening seemed normal. John recalls a strong sense that he not only had visited the village before, but that it had been his and Barbara's home in the past.

As they talked, both of them recalled their lives as a married couple with children, and agreed they'd somehow met their deaths together—somewhere nearby—and that there had been something unusual about the ways they'd died.

Barbara had a blanket in her bag from when she and her friends had gone to the beach earlier in the day, and spread it out on the ground. They stretched out on it and John felt an overwhelming sense of love and passion. They held

each other close and then, rather than engaging in furtive graveyard sex, something unexpected happened. John recalls: “I closed my eyes and leaned forward to kiss her, but before our lips came together, everything around us grew dark and it felt as if we were tumbling together into a bottomless abyss. The sensation of falling finally ended and then, without any warning...both of us passed out.”

They awakened a couple of hours later feeling confused, and quickly left the village. They returned to the hotel in St. George where Barbara and her friends were staying. They awkwardly said their goodbyes, exchanged addresses, and went their separate ways. She would fly back to the States the next day and he would remain in Bermuda ten more days.

The Second Look

John had a vivid dream that night about the village and when he woke up, he knew he had to go back and find out more about its history. A couple of days later he went ashore on liberty and immediately headed for the village. He wanted to see if he would feel the same sense of eeriness that he’d felt there with Barbara. But he also wanted to recreate that sense of being with her and the uncanny feeling that they had lived there as husband and wife.

When he reached the top of the rise, he was dumbfounded by what he saw. There was no sign of a village, just open pastureland. John had arrived without the slightest inkling that he wouldn’t find any trace of the village. “I fully expected it to be there. In addition to wanting to see it in the daytime, I was going to find a place to sit and write a letter to Barbara. I was totally surprised and found it hard to believe when it wasn't there.”

He later added: “I don't know if it's important but thought you might want to know that we were able to touch and feel the houses and the church and both of us sat on the graveyard wall. These were solid objects and not projections or holographic images. Also, when we tried to enter the church, the doors wouldn't open, but they made noise when I pulled and pushed on the door handle. So there were definitely sounds.”

After making sure he was in the right place, he gave up and started back to the ship. But first he stopped at a pub in St. George for a couple of drinks to settle his nerves. An elderly man was tending bar and John asked him if he knew anything about an old neighboring village. The bartender said he’d heard of a hamlet in the direction that John had pointed. It existed in the

1700s, but was wiped out by the “great hurricane” in the late 18th century.

John thanked the man and as he reached the door, the bartender suggested that he visit an old sea captain in St. George named Sam. He said that he thought the captain’s ancestors used to live in the lost village and that it was called St. Catherine. He then sketched a map on a napkin showing John where the captain lived. But then he remembered that he’d heard on the island “grape vine” that Sam was away on an extended trip to England and wouldn’t return until the first of the year.

John decided to see for himself and easily found the house. But a neighbor leaned out a window and said the captain wouldn’t be back for several weeks. Disappointed, he walked to the town square and joined some of his friends at the White Horse Tavern. Two of his shipmates, who had been with Barbara’s friends, bragged about how they made out with the student nurses. Before anyone asked him about his time with Barbara, he finished his drink and returned to the ship. He was sure he would be coming back to Bermuda sometime within the next year, and he would have another chance to find the captain.

A Clue from the Past

Two days later, John got early liberty approved and went into town on a research mission. He wanted to see if he could find out anything about the sleepy hamlet that he still wasn’t completely certain had ever existed. His first stop was at the modest two-room cultural center in St. George. He walked through all the displays of memorabilia from St. George’s long history. He paged through photo albums and scrapbooks, hoping to find something that would reference the mysterious village.

He found an item that caught his attention. One of the photo albums included a picture of a man wearing a nautical hat, who stood by several paintings. The caption identified him as Captain Sam, the man he wanted to find. The portrait to his right featured a man and a woman he assumed to be members of his family. What startled John was the image of the woman. She looked so much like Barbara that the two women could’ve passed for twins. He decided right then that he definitely needed to meet Captain Sam the next time he was in port.

A Mystery at Sea

The next day John went out to sea on his ship, the cutter *Half Moon*, where the crew practiced ditch-and-rescue landing protocols that prepared the crew for real-life rescues of ditched aircrafts. The drills kept him occupied so he didn't think about St. Catherine and Barbara for awhile. Later, during similar night exercises, John was on the eight-to-twelve watch when he and other crew members began seeing a large land mass on the radar where no island existed. The only land within range was Bermuda and that was off the other side of the ship. Whatever they were seeing was something else.

When the electronic technicians checked out the radar, they were unable to find anything wrong. The chief technician turned on the air-search radar just to see if the land mass showed up on it as well. As soon as the set warmed up, they saw the same clearly defined outline, like a small island with no bays. It looked to be about three miles in diameter and was at least ten miles from the ship.

Up on the bridge, the quartermaster on watch laughed and asked if they had found Atlantis or some other mystical place. After all that had happened to John over the past few days, nothing would've surprised him. A few minutes before eleven, the strange land mass echoes suddenly vanished. On one sweep of the antenna they were plainly visible. On the next they were gone. John couldn't help but wonder why things kept appearing and disappearing here on the edge of the Bermuda Triangle.

Aftermath

John had one final opportunity to go ashore before the *Half Moon* departed from Bermuda. After a stop at the White Horse Tavern, he walked alone out to St. Catherine's beach. He closed his eyes and pictured the beautiful enchanting young woman he'd met a few days earlier. He already missed her and had the terrible fear that he would never see her again. Finally, he turned back to St. George and slowly walked back to the ship feeling lonely and depressed.

Two days later, the ship departed for New York. The Bermuda trip had been more eventful than he could've imagined. But now, as Bermuda receded into the distance, John needed to sort out his feelings about Barbara and his fiancé. By the time they docked three days later, he had decided to put his memories of Barbara aside and concentrate on his relationship with the girl

he planned to marry. However, it didn't work out that way. The reunion was bittersweet, fraught with tension and disappointment. A couple of months later, he broke off the engagement.

Unfulfilled Romance

Meanwhile, John and Barbara exchanged a series of letters. His feelings for her undoubtedly contributed to his decision in February to end his engagement. He tried to express how he felt in his letters, but found it difficult to explain his sentiments. He wrote several poems that he was certain did an infinitely better job.

Barbara initially was receptive to his amorous entreaties via mail, yet wasn't able to match the degree of his affection. She was still involved with another man who wanted to marry her, but John sensed there was something missing in the relationship. He described her letters as sweet and affectionate, and especially appreciative of his romantic poetry.

While he was courting her through the mail, he never mentioned what happened when he went back to the village. He explained that he didn't know anything about the village. "I didn't want her to think I was some kind of a nut by telling her the place was gone or had been an illusion until I had some explanation." But in April, he would return to Bermuda with the intent of verifying that the village had existed and learning anything else he could about it.

Back to Bermuda

As part of the Coast Guard's oceanography school, John's class took a training cruise on the cutter *Cook Inlet* that started in Portland, Maine and ended in St. George, Bermuda. When they arrived at the island, he received a full day of liberty. As soon as he could get away from his shipmates, he went to look for Captain Sam. This time John found him at home.

After knocking on his door, John introduced himself to the stooped, elderly man with thinning gray hair and explained the reason for his visit. He told Captain Sam that he felt he had some connection with the lost village of St. Catherine and that he'd heard Sam would know about it. The captain seemed puzzled and somewhat wary until John explained he was a sailor from the U.S. Coast Guard cutter in port. Sam nodded and welcomed John

into his home.

John told him that he had seen the photograph of Sam standing alongside a painting of a couple, and remarked how the woman in the picture looked a lot like an American woman he'd met in Bermuda. Sam led him into his parlor and showed him the portrait that was in the photograph. The man was dressed in a naval uniform and the young woman was wearing what appeared to be a gold-colored gown. The captain explained that they were his great-great grandparents and this was their betrothal portrait. It was painted by a renowned English artist of the time. They were married in 1764, and they died in 1780 in the great hurricane that destroyed the village.

The young woman in the painting had an uncanny resemblance to Barbara and he wished he had a photo of her. The captain looked him over and said he could see a certain resemblance between John and the naval officer. John didn't think the similarity was very strong, not compared to Barbara and her counterpart. Out of curiosity, he asked the captain for their names. When he heard the answer, John was so stunned he had to sit down. Their names were Sir John and Lady Barbara.

He looked up at the old man's craggy, weathered face and told him that was his own name and his friend's name, and that they'd walked into the village last November. Captain Sam squinted at him, then sat down in the chair next to him. He asked John to explain what he meant, and John told him all he remembered. By the time he finished, he was wondering if Sam thought he was a lunatic.

The old man reached into a dusty old cabinet next to the table and took out a stack of papers, paged through them, and began telling him about Sir John and Lady Barbara. He explained that the young woman was of noble birth and her husband was the naval attaché to the governor of the British colony. He had been knighted by King George for several acts of heroism, including one in the Philippine Islands in which he was injured. He was then posted to Bermuda where he met Barbara.

Captain Sam went on to say that Barbara was in the final weeks of pregnancy when the deadly hurricane struck Bermuda. Her body was found the next morning on a hill when the water receded. A midwife cut her open and removed the baby, who was amazingly still alive. The baby survived and ultimately became the mother of the captain's maternal grandfather.

"Dear John"

Two days later, John was back at the campus in Connecticut after he and fellow students took a flight back. Now he couldn't wait to tell Barbara what he'd learned. He wanted to describe his visit with the old captain and what he'd learned about the hamlet of St. Catherine's and of course how the two of them were connected with it. Unfortunately, there was a "Dear John" letter waiting for him. Barbara asked him not to write her anymore. She wanted to focus on her relationship with her fiancé.

Talk about bad timing. That was the first time John ever went out and got "rip-roaring" drunk.

We found this story fascinating. Did John really track down his own great-great-grandson from another life that he and Barbara had lived? John believes so. He's also convinced that the two of them traveled through the veil of time to the lost village of St. Catherine. We're well aware that John's story isn't proof of either time travel or past lives. It's anecdotal evidence and to mainstream science that's the equivalent of no evidence. Yet, he stands firmly behind the story.

That's the challenge with experiences like these. Just because mainstream science tells you these things aren't possible, you shouldn't deny the reality of your own experiences.

But we knew that John's story would take on more reality if Barbara confirmed it. We wanted to know if he ever saw her again. Did he ever have the chance to tell her the village had vanished? And what did she remember?

As the years went by, John continued to be haunted by this incident. In 2008, he happened to see a documentary about Bermuda and that led him to begin searching for the student nurse he'd met decades earlier. Was she still alive? Would she even remember meeting him? His search took months because he didn't know her last name, or even the correct spelling of her maiden name, or where she lived. When he finally found her engagement announcement, dated April 14, 1965, in a Wisconsin newspaper, he was stunned. The date was near the time he'd received the Dear John letter, ending their long-distance relationship.

That led him to wonder what would've happened if he'd reached Barbara with his newfound information before she'd committed to the engagement. "Who knows what might've unfolded under those circumstances? It might've made a difference in both of our current lives."

John continued his search and followed a trail from her high school yearbook to a nursing pamphlet to a nursing registry and finally found her address and phone number. He was nervous when he called her, not knowing if she would remember him or that night so long ago in Bermuda. He left a message and anxiously awaited a return call.

Finally, hours later, she called. She remembered him, and she remembered the village. That was a great relief. At last, after four decades, he told her what happened when he went back, and told her about Captain Sam and the history of the village.

Since this story is so astonishing, we wanted to confirm it with Barbara for ourselves. John provided Rob with her e-mail and he wrote her. How much did she remember? Did she believe that she'd lived in that village in a past life?

She replied the next day. Yes, she definitely recalled the village, as John had said, and she also remembered they both fell asleep near the graveyard. However, she doesn't remember all the details, including the clock stuck at 12:30. While she remembers feeling attracted to the village, she didn't think in terms of it being a past-life residence.

"Fifty-two years ago, I was 19-years old and had no awareness of 'past lives.' When I met John, he was respectful, comforting and safe to be with so it felt okay to go off alone with him and away from the group. It actually felt like I had known him before.

"When we arrived at the village, I remember that it felt familiar and inviting, but I have no recollection or sense of having lived there. It may have been different more than half a century ago, but now I have no recollection. What I remember about the village was the church and very vividly a stone wall where we sat as we talked and rested. It was indeed a memorable twenty-four hours."

Barbara has never returned to Bermuda and was unaware that the village was destroyed in 1780 until John told her. "When John contacted me eight years ago and shared his findings, I could relate fully to this since I have been interested in past, present, and future lives through most of my adult life, which was contrary to my family upbringing as a Christian. Recently I have been studying the Buddhist perspective on past lives. It confirms my beliefs. The fact that there are many others who have also had experiences of past lives is also very affirming. Direct experience has a lot to say about reality/realities."

Upon reflection, Barbara says that some of the events of her life now seem more understandable considering what John learned about the woman she might've been in the eighteenth century.

"I've had many dreams throughout my life about being married in a small church. I never was married in a small church in this lifetime. I also have been unexplainably fearful and sometimes panic when swimming in deep water. I have always been a good swimmer in this life and would swim laps daily in three feet of water. If I would go to the deep end of a pool or lake, I would start feeling very anxious.

"Yet I have always been drawn to the ocean and the waves and have found the rolling waves particularly calming. However, I would never get onto a cruise ship, even if it offered the world to me. I like having the earth under my feet. So when John said I drowned during a hurricane in Bermuda, it resonated with my attraction as well as my panic."

John and Barbara have stayed in touch over the past eight years, but have never met face-to-face since Thanksgiving Day, 1964. Both John and Barbara have remarried.

Neither of them seem like people who would make up a story about time travel. John, who is retired and living in North Carolina, spent eight years in the Coast Guard and at age twenty-four became one of the youngest chief petty officers. After his service, he moved into the burgeoning computer field as a programmer and a technical manager. He later worked for a major long-distance carrier and developed national and international standards for the telecommunications industry. He retired in 2002 and has six grown children and five grandchildren.

Barbara, who resides in Minnesota and prefers not to use her last name, graduated in 1966 with a Bachelor of Science degree in nursing. After several years working as a nurse, she received a master's degree in nursing. She continued nursing and authored a book about infection control in nursing homes. In 1984, she went to law school and became a lawyer in 1988. For the next nine years, she primarily defended doctors and hospitals in malpractice suits. In 1997, she became the owner, administrator and primary caregiver in a venture caring for the disabled. She continues this work, the most rewarding in her life. She has one son from her first marriage and two stepsons from her current marriage.

Of course, we can't help wondering what would happen if John and Barbara returned to Bermuda and ventured again to the village site. As of this

writing in May 2017, two production companies, both interested in creating a Bermuda Triangle television series, have taken an interest in this story.

6

Haunting Experiences

The call for help appeared on a closed-group Facebook site. Here is what it said:

Need to sage my Victorian home (new residence for me) that has come with unfriendly spirits. This home is situated between two churches, doors locking/unlocking without us, cat freaks out in two areas of home, husband and I are experiencing lots of negative emotions in excess, etc.

I've recently learned that a previous owner committed suicide maybe five years back, before that this was a funeral parlor, and who knows what in the previous 100 years or so.

I'll definitely need to cover all areas from basement to attic.

QUESTION: what should we include? Specific method? Should we leave for a bit after sage/prayer? Best to sage today before the end of the year and them anoint our house tomorrow? Specific helpful words? Thank you in advance for your thoughts, help, and love.

- Melanie

We knew just the person to contact for advice that could be passed onto Melanie. Connie Cannon, a longtime medium, had dealt with the spirit world for decades, and over that time has developed her own method for removing annoying spirits. In fact, she lives in St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest continuously occupied city in North America, and one of the most haunted cities in the U.S.

Connie, who we introduced in chapter 2, is quick to distinguish ghosts from spirits. For her, the term ghost buster is bogus, because—as she explains—you can't bust a ghost. "I have never advertised myself as a ghost hunter, although the word "Hauntings" does appear on my business cards. It has always seemed that the opportunities come to me by word of mouth. For me, the experiences have been extraordinary and often exciting because I always learn something new."

Connie believes that it's essential to differentiate between *ghosts* and *spirits.* A ghost can be described as a thought form projected from a spirit. It

has no awareness, but performs a repetitive task. It’s like a photographic imprint of a person or event that replays continuously, like a memory powerfully impressed within a specific location. Ghosts do not have intelligence, nor are they able to communicate. It can continue for centuries, compulsively doing the same thing over and over again. It’s harmless and can’t exert any energy against living beings or inanimate objects. So, a ghost, in essence, is nothing more than a spectral hologram of something or someone.

The following ghost story was told to us second-hand and without specifics regarding the location. Whether it’s true or not doesn’t matter in this case. In a small Georgia town, there is a small family-owned motel, a lovely place for weary travelers to rest. It was built on a piece of land that once had a railroad track running through it, and eventually the train tracks became obsolete and were no longer used.

However, in one of the motel rooms, at exactly the same time every night and morning, guests have heard the sounds of a train. Some people have even glimpsed the image of a train during particular times of the day that coincide with when the train used to cross that strip of land. Now it apparently continues its journey as a 'ghost train'. Why? No one knows. But then, no one really knows or understands the dynamics of ghosts, especially ghosts that are not replications of humans.

Spirits, on the other hand, are the essences or souls of what we once were, human or animal. As such, they have freedom of movement and action. Unlike a ghost, a spirit seems aware of you and might be trying to communicate. Connie attributes consider-able power—or, at least, potential power to spirits.

“Spirits have the ability to 'touch' and their touch can be felt. They have the ability, if they retain sufficient energy, to manifest their presence in infinite manners so that we will be aware that they are 'with us'. They can and often do literally move objects as a means of getting our attention. They also have the ability to briefly pull together the fragments of the dispersed matter of their discarded material form and appear to us in recognizable images.

Connie believes that when we leave our bodies at death, our spirits reside in a dimension most suitable for our continued growth and learning. The dimension depends on the level of our particular evolution and interests in pursuing various studies or creations. Some spirits become teachers and guides for the living or healers.

She notes that there are dark spirits with evil tendencies, who are often confused with ghosts. “When the soul permanently leaves its host physical form, it doesn't suddenly become enlightened. Personalities are intact, and for this reason we are well-advised to keep ourselves protected at all times from invasions of such spirits. My personal objection to capital punishment of horrific criminals such as Ted Bundy is that putting them to death simply releases their souls to continue to wreak havoc from the afterlife, often taking possession of or attaching to vulnerable persons. They tend to hover very close to this dimension and to people who are 'open' to them by heavy drinking of alcohol and using drugs. These dark discarnate souls are crafty, and they ‘live’ vicariously via their attachment to the vulnerable.“

Spook Busting

After Connie read Melanie’s description of what was going on in the Victorian house that she and husband had moved into in Savannah, Georgia, she responded: “Wow, these folks do have a problem.”

She was also confident she could help them. She emphasized that her method was her own and that it differed from methods others used to remove haunting spirits.

Melanie was supposed to find a Catholic store or another shop that carried statues of the saints and archangels and to purchase a figure of the Archangel Michael. Connie advised her to place the statue in the most central room in her home and put four purple or gold unscented candles around the statue. The candles, she explained, represent the four directions and should be lit with a lighter rather than matches, which contain sulphur, a symbol of negativity.

She advised Melanie and her husband, or whoever was helping her, to say: We urgently and gratefully call upon the guardians of the four gates to encircle us and our entire home with the protection of the golden light. Connie also suggested they should invite spirit guides to join them. “They are always available to assist, but must be invited because they can’t interfere without the request of their ‘charges’ in the physical world.”

Melanie and her helper were to hold hands, stand beside the Michael figure and call out to the archangel to join them as they extricated negative entities from their entire living space, inside and outside, including every atom and molecule of the structure. They should say: *We thank the Archangel*

Michael for joining us here to assist us in cleansing all our areas and instilling them with only positive energies. We are grateful, and we accept your help and your blessings, knowing IT IS DONE.

"They should wait and be very still for a few moments with their eyes closed. They will sense the energy in the room shift. For a brief time, the room will probably become quite cold because the spooks will resist. Then the room will become very warm as all the enlightened Beings enter the space."

Connie emphasized that they should not include any negative words as they performed the ritual. She also suggested that Melanie remove her cat from the house while the ritual was being performed. "It's very likely that there will be some discomforting noises and possibly some touching of their skin, due to the resistance of the spooks. They shouldn't feel any fear. Once they call in the guardians of the four gates, their own spirit helpers, and especially the Archangel Michael, they immediately will be 'wrapped' in a safe cocoon and can't be harmed. Be aware that these entities thrive on fear."

She added that they didn't have to physically go to each and every room in the home. "Michael will take care of that. What they do need to do is say to the unwanted spooks, clearly and firmly and with no hesitation:

Only those entities, energies, and beings who exist within light and love are allowed in and around our home and all who enter here. Each and every atom and molecule of these spaces are filled with the light and love of the universal creative spirit of light and love.

To further enhance the power of the ritual, Connie recommended purchasing iron nails that can be found at some hardware outlets. A nail was supposed to be placed in every corner of every room, including the basement and attic, and under each of their mattresses. She recommended sprinkling sea salt along all the walls, including the basement and attic and garage. She also suggested smudging the property with sage and frankincense.

"Stay calm and avoid thoughts that might reinforce any negative energy. For example, don't think *Bad spirits are here,* or *the bad spooks are gone.* The results probably won't manifest immediately, especially since the spooks might've resided in the house for decades. But the spooks don't have the power to overcome the archangel Michael. Finally, thank all the invisible helpers.

Later, when answering questions posed by Melanie, Connie told her the best time to perform the ritual was during the waning moon, at least forty-

eight hours after the full moon. The waning moon pushes energy away, while the waxing moon draws energy to us. She also urged Melanie to perform the ritual during daylight hours because the light of the sun helps disperse any fears.

When Connie found out that Melanie's husband didn't believe in ghosts and spirits and wasn't interested in participating in the ritual, she warned Melanie against pursuing it on her own. She told her that banishing spooks can be really frightening under such conditions.

"I won't lie and tell her it won't be scary. It will. I've done these for more than five decades and occasionally still experience some trepidation in the beginning. Entities who have resided in a particular space for decades aren't easily displaced and aren't going to leave without resistance.

Connie told Melanie that she might see orbs, ectoplasmic manifestations, and moving shadows. She might hear loud cracks, pops, footsteps, slamming doors, moans and groans. The temperature in the room might drop, a common occurrence. "The resistance can't harm Melanie, but it can be alarming, depending on the energies accumulated by the spooks." She recommended that Melanie should recruit a close friend, one who shared her spiritual concepts, to work as her partner in the project.

As a result of the warning and her husband's disinterest in participating, Melanie decided not to disturb the spooks, at least not until she found a willing companion to assist her.

In years past, Connie might have performed the ritual herself after scoping out the house. That was especially true for cases in the St. Augustine area. Now, however, she is mostly confined to her home because of Parkinson's disease. But in one of her earlier cases, she entered an apartment literally crowded with spirits.

On Site Spook Busting

The editor of the St. Augustine newspaper occasionally called on Connie to investigate reported hauntings. One of these incidents was in the small apartment of a Flagler College student, a young woman, "Mary," whose living quarters were in Old Town, the historic district of St. Augustine, where many of the centuries-old homes have been turned into living quarters for students.

On the night of her intervention, during the Christmas holidays, it was

raining and cold. When she spoke to Mary on the phone, she asked her not to be home while she was working, and that she would contact her afterwards.

“When I arrived with my helper, we retrieved the key from under her mat and went inside. I make it a rule to never go to hauntings alone, but to take a trusted person with me who is on the same page, and who can help me with cameras, tape recorders, candles, etc., and to confirm or deny what I might see, hear or feel.”

Connie recalls that Mary had a small Christmas tree on a table, a wall bookcase filled with books, a rocking chair, and a couple of those big floor cushions. The living room was separate from a tiny kitchen area, and there was a small bedroom. Connie had asked Mary to turn off all the lights, so she and her friend entered the apartment with flashlights.

Inside, the first thing she noticed was a musky scent that she found unpleasant. Entities often give off odors of one kind or another, but this was incense. “I’d asked her not use incense or scented candles that day, but she’d ignored that request, probably to cover the odor of marijuana.”

Connie stepped inside the apartment and stood perfectly still, eyes closed. Her senses were on high alert as she waited for anything that might indicate a presence. **“**I had an immediate sense of a confused spirit, but a benign one. However, I also sensed a very dark and hostile entity. My friend and I lit one of my candles, a purple one.”

On the way to the apartment, Connie had called in all her other-worldly folks to accompany her and her friend. That was an integral part of her routine. Now as she listened, the old rocker began to creak, but it wasn't at all disturbing or frightful. Then there was loud rapping on the walls, and something in the kitchen fell with a crash.

She moved further into the apartment and perused the bookshelves with her flashlight. It quickly became obvious to Connie from the titles she scanned, from the presence of black candles and a Ouija board, that Mary was into black magic.

A Ouija board doesn’t necessarily indicate a practitioner of the dark arts. But when combined with other tools used in black magic, it’s likely to be indicative of such a practice.

“I knew in an instant this college student had brought some negative spirits into her living space. I decided to leave and work remotely to remove those entities.”

However, that was when she noticed an old black man sitting in the rocker

by the Christmas tree. She could see him clearly. He looked to be from a distant era, and tears ran down his cheeks. When he spoke, she heard him clearly. “He said that he and his son had lived in that space long, long ago. They were slaves and the townspeople had accused his son of raping and murdering a white woman. His son was innocent, but had run away, with the posse chasing him. The pathetic old man was there, waiting for his son.”

Suddenly, as Connie digested the story, the spirit of his son appeared, and asked her to let his father know that he had been caught and was hanged in a huge oak tree in the yard of that house. “The son was in the Light, and he very much wanted his ‘Pa’ to join him. When I conveyed the message to the old fellow, describing his boy and telling him he was standing there, the old man wept, reached out both of his arms, and something unusual happened. The Light enveloped both of them, and they were gone. I wept myself, so happy for an old man who had been trapped for more than a century waiting for his child.”

Connie recalls that before she and her friend left, they took photos. This was in the days before cell phones, and when the pictures were developed, man they revealed orbs and an image of a demonic fat man on one of the walls. She called Mary the following day, and told her that she was responsible for the negative incidents that had happened to her because she was dabbling in the dark arts. Mary promised that she would quit immediately. “This was an interesting haunting because both dark and light spirits were occupying the same small space.”

We were puzzled by why some spirits, like the old man, remained behind, while others, like his son, quickly moved on into the spirit world. To answer that, Connie told us about her own experience after the death of her husband’s mother.

“She was 100 years old, vital and cognizant until her heart just decided it had beat long enough and stopped. She had lived all her adult life in the homestead on the side of the mountain in north Georgia, and her middle son, Buddy, had lived there with her for thirty-five years.”

Connie explained that her memorial was on Mother's Day in 1997 at a cemetery behind a very old church on the top of the mountain with graves dating back into the 1870s. It was surrounded on three sides by hills, valleys, and forests. The day was gorgeous. No breeze, mild and sunny. At the burial, the pastor was saying the final prayers when a sudden strong gust of wind blew across the open grave and attending mourners.

“Our middle son Kenny is also a medium, and he opened his eyes and looked to the left along with me. We both saw grandmother Cannon standing over at the edge of the clearing between the woods and the cemetery. Behind her, we saw dozens and dozens of discarnates, Granny's family and friends who had preceded her and who had arrived to assist her in crossing over.

“Mentally, I told Mrs. Cannon to turn around and look at all her loved ones, who were right there waiting to take her with them. But she emphatically said, ‘No!’ and refused to go with them. She said she was going to stay in the house with Buddy because he might fall asleep and burn the house down. I suggested that she could offer Bud more protection from her new space in Spirit, but she continued to refuse. Kenny and I both watched the loved ones gradually fade away.”

Connie recalled that Grandmother Cannon remained in the home, always sitting on the far end of her sofa watching TV, and Bud sat in his chair drinking and smoking. “Buddy died recently and the house is still there, and I assume Buddy and Grandma are still in their accustomed spaces in the living room. The house will soon be torn down and the property sold, but I suspect for Bud and Grandma, the house will still be in their space and they will continue to remain.”

To answer our question about why they stay, Connie said that some spirits congregate in hospitals, funeral homes, cemeteries, geriatric facilities, hospices. “Some simply choose to hang out near their place of transition and many are not aware that they are deceased. As far as I am aware, no one has ever been able to find a way to dispose of genuine 'ghosts' because they are just photographic replicas of people and/or events and incidents playing out repetitively. Erasing them seems beyond our abilities and isn’t necessary anyway.”

The holiday season from Thanksgiving to New Year’s Day—and beyond—are often a time when you reconnect with people you haven’t seen or talked to for weeks, months, or even years. That was the case for Rob when he heard from two relatives, a cousin with whom he’d lost contact nearly fifty years ago and a second cousin he has never met in person.

The exchange of emails dealt with family members, living and deceased, and both cousins mentioned that his grandmother had psychic abilities and made accurate predictions. One thing led to another and on the same day in early January of 2017, both cousins sent personal ghost stories to Rob within

two hours of one another. Synchronistically, those stories arrived just as we were beginning work on this chapter.

Barbara's Story

Barbara lives in one of the oldest riverfront neighborhoods in Minneapolis, where some houses have stood for more than 100 years. About 15 years ago, she was experiencing an unsettling presence in a particular area of her basement near the washing machine. "It was very gripping and I couldn't stand it and would just want to leave. It got to the point that I had to do something about it."

Luckily for Barbara, Minneapolis has its share of ghost busters with national reputations. Barbara noted that the police call on some of them occasionally to assist in criminal investigations. After receiving a recommendation, Barbara telephoned Carol Lowell, who is a protégé of ghost buster Echo Bodine. Initially, she declined to pursue the case, but then as they continued talking Carol "heard" them talking in the basement. They were aware of the phone conversation and welcomed her. She changed her mind and agreed to meet Barbara and the invisible residents.

She arrived with her sister and even though Barbara didn't provide any directions, Carol said, *The basement.* "They located the exact place where I was sensing them!"

Carol indicated there were five entities. She said that they preferred the garage, another place that felt creepy to Barbara, but they also liked coming into the basement. "None were related to me and none had a connection to the house. While Carol talked to them, I stayed upstairs. I don't know all that she did, but I was told they agreed not to come in the house again, and I had no more problems with them."

Then about two years ago, Barbara sensed a new visitor and called Carol again. By this time, Carol had come into her own professionally and was taking on institutional and corporate clients! (Who would've guessed corporations needed ghost busters!)

"In short, she was not affordable. Nevertheless, as we spoke a little more, Carol said she could sense something. She then assured me that it was harmless."

That seemed to be the end of it, but then as Barbara put it, "Something came totally out of left field."

A neighbor friend, Anne, who at the time knew nothing about Barbara's experiences with entities and a ghost buster, told Barbara that she has the ability to see ghosts and had seen the spirit of a woman in her backyard, walking toward the garage.

She also described occasionally seeing spirits of two men. They fit the description of two old guys who used to lived in the house down the block, but before Anne and her husband, Pete, moved into the neighborhood. "I've been here almost thirty-two years, and I remember those old guys used to hangout on their front porch a lot. That's where she saw them. They're still there!"

Barbara noted that Anne and Pete usually keep to themselves and she respected their privacy. "Only recently, through gardening and ghost stories, has Anne opened up to me. It turns out that she and Pete were in a club of ghost chasers, who would go out with equipment to document reported "presences."

However, the couple quit the club and ghost chasing after a serious incident. "Anne told me she was shoved down their backstairs by a God-knows-what unseen energy. She was carrying a load of laundry and was suddenly lifted up and dropped. She was injured and required medical attention. These stories are interesting as long as they belong to someone else."

Rob's other cousin sent a peculiar story from her childhood. At first, it seems like typical kid nightmares, but it expands into something else. Something strange.

Kirsten's story

From her earliest memories, Kirsten remembers nightmares featuring malevolent being in her bedroom. She would wake from the dreams and run to her mother. So when other frightening experiences occurred during the night, she knew what a dream was, and some of these encounters were not like dreams.

She remembers waking up when she was about three years old, and sensing a presence walking towards her bed. She was so petrified she wouldn't open her eyes. "I knew in my bones with total certainty that this figure was neither of my parents and had no earthly reason to be there. It would then stand by my bed and pick me up and just hold me there for a few

moments, then set me back down. I was too terrified to look at its face."

Sometimes the experiences were even more dramatic. She would wake up within a dream and sense a presence standing next to her. "The presence would somehow pull my spirit out of my body and would take me up through the roof of our house and we would hover over the building and look down on it and the trees around below. It was as if it was trying to show me something, but I couldn't figure out what."

Maybe the being was showing Kristin that she had not only the ability to enter lucid dreams—where she was awake within the dream—but also the talent to explore out-of-body experiences.

Sometimes she was fully awake and out of bed when she encountered the stranger in her room. "When I was four, I woke up, got out of bed made it halfway across the floor to the bathroom when a man's voice behind me said, 'Where are you going?' I whipped around to face him and at that second the delayed reaction of terror hit me and I was paralyzed on the spot. I saw a man floating through my window, half in half out. I stood paralyzed for what seemed like forever, then suddenly I unfroze and said, 'To the bathroom!' I ran out to the bathroom, turned the light on, and locked myself in. I sat there for half an hour hoping that was long enough to make him leave."

She described the man as a Caucasian in his late twenties or thirties, with dark hair, and clean shaven. He was not a menacing presence, but the fact that he shouldn't have been where he was and that he seemed to be not quite human terrified her.

When she returned to her room, he was gone. "I went back to bed and never told my parents. When I was very young, my parents worked long hours and my mother in particular was overloaded. She was studying for her Ph.D. so she was a bit highly strung. There had come a point when I had wakened her so many times for my nightmares that she started to lose patience with me and told me not to wake her anymore. This was before the 'floating man in my room' incident, so at that point I decided I was more afraid of her reaction than I was of the ghost! That is why I just went back to bed."

Connie Cannon's personal terminology for ghost hunting is *soul rescue*. She began using that term after encountering cases in which families wanted to keep a benign spirit in their residence. They wanted her to communicate with the spirit, but didn't want her to send them on into the Light. Here's one such story.

Soul Rescue

A couple had purchased a huge old water wheel and an adjacent large building on a narrow river in Georgia. The water wheel had once been part of a plantation, and they were remodeling the wheelhouse into a home.

During the construction, strange incidents began to occur. Nothing frightening. The carpenters would discover that their tools had been moved well away from where they had left them. The owners heard running footsteps going up and down the inside stairs, as well as the faint sounds of a child singing and someone whistling. They would catch fleeting “shadows” where none should be. Doors would suddenly close or open, and rooms suddenly would turn briefly cold.

The couple was referred to Connie. They wanted to know if their future home was haunted. “When I entered the wheelhouse, I immediately noticed a distinct watermark on all the walls. When I asked about it, I was told that there had been an enormous flood during the preceding century. The interior of the building was inundated.”

Connie said that the spirits in the wheelhouse were an older white man and a little black girl who was about eight years old. The two spirits in the wheelhouse had drowned in the flash flood and they’d never left. “Apparently no one came for them, and they didn't seem to be aware that they were dead.”

Connie considered it a simple rescue. “I could see and hear them clearly, and when I informed the couple building their home about the fellow and the little girl, they considered it a lark. They wanted to keep the two spirits so they could brag about living in a haunted house. I quietly told them that the man and child needed to move into the Light and into the dimension wherever their spirits should be, and I began to call in the helpers for these two lost souls.

“Unfortunately, the couple fought me on this. Even though I explained that the man and child didn’t belong here, they wanted the spirits to stay. We had quite a confron-tation about it. However, I was and am committed to my work, and moved ahead against their wishes.”

Initially, the man and the little girl were afraid of Connie, but after she explained no one was going to hurt them, the man talked to her. The child hid behind his legs and peered out at her from there. “Even without being told about the flood, I would have recognized that the spirits had somehow been

in water, because both of them were bedraggled and appeared to have been doused with water. The fellow told me he had dragged her as far as he could up out of the water, but it reached them and pulled them under."

She asked him if he had seen a bright light in the water and he responded that he had, but the girl was terrified by it. He said he didn't know what the light was and that he had to take care of the "little one." He couldn't understand why no one else was ever there anymore, why the two of them were alone.

"It was then that I explained what had happened to them, that they had died, that the Light was showing them the way home to their loved ones. I told them that if they looked, they would see it again, and that they needed to go into it. I immediately saw the Light. As hokey as this sounds, it was very similar to the Light in the movie *GHOST*, at the end of the movie when Sam is telling Demi Moore what it's like on the other side.

"I watched the fellow and the little girl turn around. He took her hand and they moved into that glorious Light and were gone. I wept. It was a wondrous moment for me, and I knew I had done my job. I tried to explain the situation to them, but they were angry that I had sent their 'ghosts' away. I simply said a silent 'thank you' to the Invisible Helpers and left."

Connie considered it her responsibility to assist lost souls whenever the opportunity arrived. "That was why I was given the capability to see, hear, and communicate with these entities."

7

Into the Fog

Over the last thirty years, numerous documentaries about the Bermuda Triangle have appeared on cable TV channels. Many of them tell of a mysterious fog that encompasses ships and aircrafts and seems to play a role in the stories of vanished ships. Anyone reviewing such documentaries would notice that one man in particular, a survivor of the Bermuda Triangle phenomenon, has appeared repeatedly and talked about the fog. In fact, Bruce Gernon, a south Florida resident, has appeared on thirty-six Bermuda Triangle documentaries and has become part of the legend itself. He and Rob are co-authors of *Bermuda Triangle Legacy* and *Beyond the Bermuda Triangle*.

Typically in interviews, Gernon relates how an enormous storm formed and trapped him inside a circle of clouds and how he escaped through a tunnel vortex only to be captured by a fog and instantly teleported ninety miles. However, he doesn't often talk about his second experience with the Bermuda Triangle effect, a story in which he discovered something important about the mysterious nature of the fog, and why it doesn't show up on radar.

Fog that Clings

On that day in February 1996, Bruce and his wife Lynne took off from Tavernier in the Florida Keys, on a flight for West Palm Beach. He called Miami Flight Service for a weather briefing at about 8 a.m. The weather in South Florida was clear, with visibility about six miles and winds out of the east at ten miles per hour. A few medium-sized thunderstorms were starting to form over Florida Bay. They had to get going before the storms reached us.

They waited patiently while their neighbor and friend, Carl, took off in his Cessna Skymaster. Bruce had no idea that Carl's flight would impact his. About fifteen minutes after Carl departed, Bruce taxied down the runway. He noticed a thunderstorm just to the west was starting to spread toward them. They needed to quickly get in the air. Light rain from the storm pelted the windshield as they lifted off the runway and climbed over Florida Bay.

Several minutes later, as they flew north toward the Everglades, Carl

radioed his location fifteen miles north of them and said he was turning back to Tavernier. Bruce thought that was odd because Carl said he was going to Tampa. Bruce radioed Carl to let him know his position. He'd talked to Carl on the radio while flying many times, and he noticed Carl's voice sounded tense. He always liked chatting it up on the radio, but this time he seemed subdued and said very little.Just before they reached the Everglades, Bruce heard Carl talking to another airborne neighbor, who asked him why he wasn't going to Tampa. "We had to turn back because the weather is just terrible! It looks like the whole state is socked in with heavy fog."

That puzzled Gernon because no fog was mentioned in the weather briefing. But he knew fog could form quickly, especially right after sunrise. There were two known types of fog: radiation fog, which is also called ground fog, and advection or sea fog, which forms over bodies of water. Radiation fog appears when cool ground contacts warm air, while sea fog forms when moist air moves over colder water. Unlike ground fog, sea fog can move rapidly and form any time of the day. It's usually more extensive and remains longer than radiation fog.

As they continued inland, thick fog surrounded them. Ever since his dramatic Bermuda Triangle experience in 1970, fog like this troubled him. He was getting tense. It seemed they were flying through radiation fog and Bruce was concerned they might run out of gas before the fog dissipated. They had two hours of gas left and if they turned back, as Carl had done, Tavernier was probably being pounded by a thunderstorm.

He called the Miami Flight Service for an update on the weather and said he was ten miles south of Homestead. He was told there was no fog and visibility was six miles. "I couldn't believe what I'd heard. I still didn't know what to do. I looked north toward Miami, but all I could see was fog."

So he asked where the fog ended. The weather briefer responded: "I have no idea what you're looking at. There's no fog anywhere in this area."

Now Bruce was more puzzled than ever. He decided to fly out over the ocean to see if we could escape the fog. As they headed east toward the Atlantic, he studied the fog more closely and noticed something odd. There was no fog directly below the plane, and as they continued on the opening remained below them. "It was like looking down a cylinder. It didn't make sense. How could there be fog all around us, but none below us?"

Within minutes they were nearing the ocean and the clear cylinder below them began to expand. He could see the ground they were passing over.

That's when he realized that they couldn't get out of the fog because it seemed that the fog was moving with them at 180 miles an hour.

Then he saw something else that was just as baffling. "As I looked through the expanding opening, I noticed a distinct line separating the fog and the ground. There was a kink in the line, which I focused on. Eventually the opening expanded all the way to the horizon, but the warped line didn't disappear."

He tried to relax and settle back as he watched one of the most curious meteorological phenomena he'd ever witnessed. After another ten minutes, the kinked segment in the line between the fog and the clear sky began to fade and the fog started to dissipate. Even after the fog disappeared, he could still see remnants of the kinked line in the distance. It encircled the airplane like a halo for the rest of the flight, which lasted another twenty-five minutes. The warped line even remained visible during the final approach to the airport.

Gernon remained puzzled over the nature of that unusual fog until a few years later when he read about another pilot who had experienced it. Outlandish as it sounded, the fog seemed to cling to the airplane like static electricity on clothing. Rather than flying through a massive blanket of fog, a pocket of fog had attached to the plane and was moving along with it. That's why the weather briefer had told them there was no fog on the radar. He considered the nature of the fog and came up with a name for it: electronic fog.

But the mysterious fog doesn't make appearances only in the Bermuda Triangle. The phenomenon, though rarely observed, is without borders. Clearly, electronic fog is beyond strange.

Sailing into another Realm

Lake Michigan is a vast inland body of water where numerous strange and mysterious events have been reported over the decades. They range from unusual disappearances to ghost ships and ghosts, to UFOs and encounters with mysterious fog and space-time warps. So many people have observed UFOs over Lake Michigan that in the late 1990s, the Federal Aviation Administration created a special lake reporting service to catalog the sightings.

Kathy Doore, probably more than any other single person, told the world

about the “Lake Michigan Triangle.” We met Kathy through Bruce Gernon, who had appeared with her on a cable channel documentary. In her younger years, Kathy was a competitive sailor, who spent a great deal of time on Lake Michigan. It was during one of her outings on the lake that she and crew members encountered a strange wind and much more.

“It was a perfect night for sailing with 7-10 knots of wind, flat seas, warm and sultry. It was mid-week and we had the lake to ourselves,” Kathy said as she began recounting to us the life-changing event that occurred in 1978.

She was aboard one of three classic wooden sailboats, part of a racing crew that competed every Sunday and practiced maneuvers during the week. They set sail near dusk for what should have been a routine cruise. However, about an hour out of port, they sailed into a dense fog. They couldn’t see more than a few feet and feared they would crash into one another. The winds shifted about, filling one side of the mainsail, then the other.

“I leaned over the rail and looked at the surface of the lake. It was calm with little movement. Strangely, a few seconds later, as I righted myself, I found I was extremely cold. In fact, I was *freezing*.”

She turned toward the helm to ask her crewmates if they were cold, too, and to her astonishment they were no longer standing nearby. “One moment we had been packed in the tiny cockpit like sardines, and the very next instant I was alone at the helm.”

Dumfounded, she called out and found them standing up on the aft deck, where it was several degrees warmer. They seemed perplexed and motioned for her to join them. That’s when she realized that no one was steering the boat. “The Captain raised his arms high over his head, gleefully wiggling his hands and fingers in the air, and stated he hadn’t been steering for the past ten minutes. Yet, not one minute before, I was certain he had been standing next to me at the helm.”

Slowly, the boat carved a circle, then another and another without ever passing through the wind. Then, as abruptly as it had appeared, the fog vanished. “To our utter astonishment, we saw the other two boats all within a few hundred yards of each other, rotating in exactly the same manner. A moment later, we all regained control of our vessels and pulled out of the slowly swirling vortex. In unison, all three boats turned and headed for port.”

They were sailing through a smooth, glass-like sea beneath the full moon when Kathy was startled to see her recently deceased father standing silently nearby, gazing at her. Her crewmates seemed lost in their own inexplicable

rapture. No one spoke or moved.

Ahead of them, they noticed the lead boat enter the anchorage. “The boat had once belonged to our captain and we knew it well. As we approached the tiny inlet, we found our old mooring empty, our sister-ship nowhere in sight. All was quiet. We scanned the horizon for mast movement to no avail. We were the only vessel underway. We couldn’t imagine where they could have gone. In fact, there was no place they could go. We set out in search of them, carefully navigating under sail, in and out of the moorings that our fleet called home.”

Circling back a few minutes later, they were shocked to find their sister-ship was tied up with the sails stowed and the crew in their dingy, rowing ashore. An impossibility in such a short span of time. “Nothing added up, time either stood still or sped up.”

After the third boat arrived, everyone met onshore. The usually boisterous group seemed dazed, Kathy recalled. They wanted nothing more than to head home and go to sleep. “I looked at my watch. It was now after midnight. It seemed we’d been out for no more than three or four hours, instead of nearly six. As the weeks passed, I realized we couldn’t account for a good portion of the evening.”

The following Sunday as they readied themselves for a big race, Kathy brought up the unusual events from their extraordinary sail. To her utter astonishment no one would talk about it. “Worse yet, they behaved as if *nothing out of the ordinary* had happened. The vertical winds alone would have given them fodder for years. It became evident to her that the others had blocked out the memory. Over the years, I’ve come to realize that the circumstances of that night might very well have been for my benefit, another in a series of extraordinary events earmarking this remarkable journey of life.”

Kathy died in the spring of 2015. She was an intrepid explorer of the weird and strange, and took numerous trips to Peru, where she explored the ancient spiritual site of Markawasi. Her coffee table book by the same name introduced the Western world to the site where large boulders appear to resemble animals and mystical creatures. She was also involved in research related to the Nazca Lines in southern Peru.

Kathy, like Bruce, felt her experience changed her life. It served as a guidepost for her, a reminder that our daily lives are only one aspect of reality. She dedicated the rest of her life to spiritual pursuits, wherever they

would take her. One day, Bruce and Rob met another man who had encountered a mysterious fog and all he wanted to do was find it again.

Missing Time at Sea

In 2003, Rob joined Bruce Gernon on a flight from a private airport in Wellington, Florida, where Bruce was living, to Fort Lauderdale. We landed at the site of the former navy base, near the international airport, where the infamous Flight 19 originated in 1945. The mysterious loss of five navy bombers on a training mission set off the investigations that eventually led to the designation of the Bermuda Triangle. Bruce and Rob were there to meet a Miami man, who said he wanted to tell us about his strange experience with a fog while boating near Catalina Island off the coast of California.

They walked over to a nearby restaurant where Ivan Lima of Miami was waiting for them. He introduced himself as a master electrical-mechanic engineer, a specialist in electromagnetism, and said he worked at a biomedical company. After we ordered our lunch, Ivan launched into his story.

On October 8, 1995, he joined a group of medical professionals for a day of sailing and fishing on a sailboat in the San Francisco Bay area. They left the dock at 8:15 AM under clear skies and light winds. At 9:30, they anchored the craft and prepared their fishing gear.

Within minutes, Ivan and the others noticed the air shimmering above the water about fifty feet from the sailboat. It looked like a mirage created by solar radiation, as seen on roadways on hot days. But solar radiation doesn't occur above water or in morning hours.

Everyone on board seemed mesmerized by the sight. As they peered at the shimmering mass, fog materialized, replacing the mirage. "It was low, thick and rectangular-shaped, the top of it not more than three feet above the surface," Ivan explained. "We all stared in fascination at the strange bed of fog as it moved toward the boat. The edge nearest the boat suddenly began to rise like a curtain. At the same time, it spread out until it was about a hundred feet wide and seventy feet high."

No one on board moved or talked. Everyone seemed entranced. The fog continued rising until it was as high as it was wide. The bed of fog disappeared and all that remained was the wall of fog. At first, the fog seemed nearly square, but after a few minutes the wall became oval-shaped

and began to rotate clockwise. There was no wind, no sound, but the bright sunlight had vanished, the sky turned dusk-like. As the wall of fog rotated, the center spiraled inward, forming a revolving tunnel.

Even though there was no electrical storm underway, the tunnel and spiraling fog sounded very much like the entry point to the tunnel vortex that Bruce Gernon had encountered near Bimini in 1970. We listened closely as Ivan continued.

"The fog kept coming closer and closer. It was threatening to swallow the sailboat. We quickly pulled up the anchor, started the engine, and fled. As soon as we left, the clear blue sky and sunshine returned. Everyone agreed that what we'd seen could've been a gate to another dimension or another time."

As our meals arrived, Ivan said: "I wonder what would've happened if we'd gone into it? That's what I asked everyone on the boat, but no one responded."

By the time they returned to the marina where they'd rented the sailboat, they were all nauseous and confused, as if they'd just awakened from a trance. They were astonished that it was already 3:00 PM. Somehow, four hours had disappeared. They'd sailed directly back to the marina after anchoring for about twenty minutes at the site of the fog. No one had caught any fish. No one had even thrown a line in the water. Where had the time gone? No one knew the answer.

Ivan explained that he became more and more intrigued by what he'd witnessed. He couldn't stop thinking about it. That reminded Bruce of the aftermath of his first experience. Both men believe there's something in nature that exists—passages to other dimensions, tears in the fabric and the space-time continuum—beyond our current scientific knowledge. And that phenomenon, whatever it is, and might account for many baffling disappearances.

Ivan knew he'd seen and experienced something that couldn't be explained as any known weather phenomenon. He read everything he could find about mysteries of the sea, and began looking for an explanation in quantum physics. However, when he brought up the matter to others who had been on the boat, they didn't want to talk about it. They told him to forget about it. He knew that wasn't going to happen.

As we finished our lunch, we asked Ivan about the four missing hours. Even though the fog didn't swallow the boat, the passengers were affected by

it. What happened during that missing time? Maybe nothing. Maybe instead of losing track of four hours they leaped ahead in time. The gate or tunnel might have been a wormhole, a passage through time. Ivan agreed that the time factor was key.

Before we parted ways, Ivan vowed to go back and find the fog. This time he would pass through the gate. Bruce told him that it was best to avoid electronic fog. The dangers were too great. But Ivan shook his head. “One way or another, I’m still going to find that fog. I don’t care how long it takes.”

As we headed back to the airplane for our return trip, Bruce said: “I understand Ivan’s obsession, but not his willingness to dive into the fog.” The last they heard, he hadn’t found it. That’s not surprising considering its elusiveness and inexplicable nature. The fog might find you, but you probably won’t find the fog. At least, not very easily.

Here’s a story where a bank of fog seemingly pursues two fishermen.

Green Fog

Bruce Gernon tells virtually everyone he meets about his encounters with mysterious fog. It’s his life mission to get electronic fog recognized as an actual phenomenon. One day while getting the upholstery repaired on his airplane, he told the upholsterer his story. To his surprise, Tony Doubek responded with his own story about an encounter with fog. In Tony’s case, the incident took place at sea level while he and friend were fishing one night in 1992.

The two fishermen were five or six miles off the coast of Palm Beach County when, at about 1:00 AM, they noticed glowing lights on the horizon to the northeast. The lights got brighter, then turned greenish.

“At first, we thought it might be a ship moving our way,” Tony recalled. “As it got closer to us, it appeared like a bubble of light.”

When it was about a mile away, they saw that it was a luminous bank of fog. It kept coming toward them, and they were getting anxious. They started the engine when it was a couple hundred yards away. “It looked like a translucent green wall. But it wasn’t wispy like regular fog. It was flat on top and rounded on the sides and was about four hundred to five hundred yards across.”

To their surprise, the fog seemed to keep pace with them. “It made a

beeline right toward us. I turned toward the beach, and we were moving at about 25 to 30 knots."

Finally, when they were about a hundred yards from shore, it began to break apart. "We didn't talk about it afterward. It was just too weird, getting chased for miles by a green bubble of fog."

Tony doesn't know what would have happened if they'd been caught by the fog, and at the time he definitely didn't want to find out. "I was just glad to get back to land."

The mystery fog—or electronic fog as Bruce Gernon calls it—can also appear on land. This final story doesn't involve time travel or teleportation. Yet, it is extremely strange and eerie. It seemed as if the fog was conscious and aware and threatening.

On the Fairway

Hector Nunez and a friend were looking for a place to hang out one pleasant evening a decade ago when they decided upon the golf course adjacent to the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables, one of Miami's older neighborhoods. It was a place that Hector had visited from time to time since he was in high school. When the classic luxury hotel was new, Babe Ruth used to play golf on the course. Keep in mind as you read this story that Hector and his friend Danny were, as Hector said, "stone-cold sober."

They were walking along the ninth hole of the course lost in conversation when suddenly they both stopped. "I clearly felt the eerie sensation of a large 'hand' slipping inside my head just behind my face and pressing against my brain. At the same time, the back of my head felt like it was burning," Hector recalled. He'd never felt anything like that in his life. Before he could say anything, his friend said that he didn't want to go any farther because he saw 'sparks' inside his eyes. "I realized that we'd stopped walking and talking at the same moment. We'd felt two completely distinct sensations, but we both felt we shouldn't walk any farther."

That was when Hector noticed a dense wall of fog about forty feet wide and fifteen feet high. It was about three hundred feet away between two trees. "After living in Florida my whole life, I can feel the air when it's conducive to fog. But this wasn't a fog night. I pointed it out to Danny, and he agreed it was odd. That's when the fog began to move toward us."

The wall of fog rolled up and down the small hills on the course. "It was

snaking its way toward us. We hadn't even gotten over the shock of the initial 'high strangeness' that made us stop."

As they watched it, they began to walk backwards. The fog was about a hundred feet from them when it stopped, then retreated back to the trees where they'd first seen it. "Danny and I tried to make sense of it, thinking of any scientific explanation to the movement of the fog, and to the feelings of danger. I was certainly no stranger to unexplained things happening, but nothing ever this intense."

Then the fog came out of the trees again, moving toward them, following the same path over the low hills. They began to walk backwards again, this time faster, but keeping their gaze focused on the fog. "It came closer than before; its movements were deliberate. It was coming for us."

Hector noted that the fog could've gone in any direction or spread out and dissipated. "There was no dissipation. It was a single form of perfectly defined walls on all sides. We seemed to move too fast for it and it again began to creep slowly back the way it had come."

They decided to listen to nature for hints as to what was going on. "Being a nature lover had taught me that the animals, insects and birds would know of danger before you can sense it." They stopped talking and listened. "Nothing. No birds, no crickets, no wind. Just silence. We looked at each other, baffled, and decided it was time to leave. At that moment, out of the silence, a high-pitched screech tore through the night. It was coming from about three hundred yards to the south, the direction we were facing."

Hector said the sound seemed to have an electronic tinge to it, as if it was a mix of biological and electronic sounds that merged as one. Abruptly it stopped. But after a few seconds, another screech sounded to the east, this one closer. Then another and another until there were almost no breaks between screeches, and each one was nearer than the last.

"Three hundred yards to the south became one hundred of fifty yards to the east, seventy-five yards, fifty yards, twenty yards to the northeast. Then the screech came at our feet, in the very grass in front of us. We were now facing north, as the sound encircled us. In the spot where the sound seemed to emanate, we kicked at the grass with our shoes, but there were no insects, nothing that could've made that sound.

"We looked up and the wall of fog was coming at us faster than before and suddenly it was about four feet away. It had tricked us. It was intelligent."

Before they could move, the fog engulfed them, and Hector said it felt as

if a wall of electricity had struck him. “Not like goose bumps or even chills from fear of the unexplained or unknown. It *hurt*. Even fine hairs on my face and body were so charged they felt like hundreds of needles piercing my skin. The fog was dense and viscous, and moving in it felt surreal. It felt like thousands of eyes watching us and sizing us up as it swirled around us.”

Danny screamed.

“He was blinded by the same flashes of light inside of his eyes that stopped him earlier. He couldn’t see anything and was terrified. I grabbed his arm and led him slowly through the fog toward the main buildings where I thought we would be safer. It was as though we were moving blindly through water. The sense of being watched was now unbearable. So I said aloud: ‘We are here with only peace and love in our hearts. We mean no harm. Let us be on our way.’”

They walked a ways farther and reached the main paved path and the fog seemed to release them. They looked back and saw it retreating over the grassy mounds and back toward the nook in the trees where they’d first seen it. They made their way quickly to Hector’s car at the northern end of the golf course and sat there in disbelief for a few minutes. “We were taking in the magnitude of what had just happened to us. Then Danny pointed toward the golf course, and out of the darkness the fog was coming again. It made its way down the entire length of the lawn, through a tree line and chain link fence. As I started the car, it was already in the parking lot. I sped away and have never encountered that fog again.”

Hector sent his story to Bruce Gernon in 2013 after reading *THE FOG (Bermuda Triangle Legacy)*. A friend who knew about his experience had given it to him. Rob corresponded with Hector a number of times and Hector explained they didn’t experience any shift in time or instantaneous movement to another location. Both remain baffled by the experience, but neither he nor Danny had had any ill-effects in the aftermath. It happened, it was disturbing and shocking, then it was over.

Hector attributed intelligence and motivation to the fog, which we found intriguing, but puzzling. Were the two men only imagining that the fog was aware of them? If so, what caused the pain both experienced within their heads?

The deeper we went into this fog and explored this phenomenon, the more baffling it became. Electronic fog that clings to airplanes and ships...fog that can facilitate time travel and teleportation...and maybe even more outrageous,

fog that has consciousness, fog that is not particularly friendly.

8

Feeling the Future

An empath is a person who has an ability to tune into another person's emotions, and sometimes literally assume those feelings. "They feel everything, sometimes to an extreme, and are less apt to intellectualize feelings. Intuition is the filter through which they experience the world," writes Dr. Judith Orloff in *The Power of Surrender: Let Go and Energize Your Relationships, Success, and Well-Being.* A planetary empath, on the other hand, is someone whose whole being reacts to major events that are about to unfold and affect the planet and large numbers of people.

These individuals are so attuned to the planet that they experience physical, emotional and psychic symptoms hours and sometimes days before a natural or man-made disaster. They come from different countries, from different cultural, ethnic, and spiritual backgrounds, and most seem to be women. The intensity of their symptoms appear to be connected to the severity of the disasters and often subside once the disaster has occurred.

"Even though I was born intuitive and empathic, nothing prepared me for how those qualities would progress through life," said Debra Page, a paranormal researcher in southern California. In the early 1990s, she began to notice that her intuitive flashes were expanding to include world events. The curious thing was how these flashes translated into physical symptoms. Days before a world event, she would feel a profound grief and heartache that nearly crippled her. "Then I started noticing a pattern. The grief episodes would precede an event—either a natural or man-made disaster – and disappear when the event happened: Princess Diana's death, the beginning of the Gulf War, the shootings at Columbine, at Virginia Tech, the 2008 financial debacle."

Debra and her husband were out running errands on December 23, 2004 when suddenly her left ear had a long, sustained ringing and she experienced simultaneous visions of destruction and flooding. "I knew many would die. I was so disoriented my husband had to hold me up until it was over. I told him what I was witnessing. I was horrified. I knew it would happen in three days, but didn't know where it would happen."

On December 26, a 9.1-9.3 mega-thrust earthquake jolted Sumatra, Indonesia setting off a series of deadly tsunamis that inundated coastal

communities with waves up to 100 feet. At least 230,000 people were killed in fourteen countries including India, Sri Lanka and Thailand, making it the one of the deadliest natural disasters in history.

Fukushima

On March 11, 2011 at 2:46 p.m. Tokyo time, a 9.0 earthquake shook northern Japan for six minutes, moved the main island of Japan eight feet, and shifted the planet's axis by four inches. The quake unleashed a tsunami that raced across the Pacific, triggering tsunami warnings and alerts for 50 countries and territories. Waves over a hundred feet high slammed into Honshu's shoreline, and swept six miles inland, destroying everything in their path. Nearly sixteen thousand people died. The tsunami struck the Fukushima nuclear plant and created the largest nuclear disaster since Chernobyl in April 1986.

The triple disaster caught the Japanese government, the Tokyo Electric Power Company and other authorities by surprise. But none of it surprised Debra, who began experiencing debilitating physical symptoms up to a week before the quake. Debra's ears rang constantly, she suffered from extreme vertigo, and excruciating migraines. She couldn't sleep, couldn't function, and ended up in the emergency room several times. A sense of profound sadness left her paralyzed.

"I had severe ringing in my left ear, always a precursor to a quake or volcanic eruption." Four days before the quake, other symptoms surfaced: severe vertigo, nausea, a crippling fatigue, inexplicable nosebleeds. Debra knew that the impending quake, wherever it would occur, would be bad.

Shortly before the Japanese disaster, Connie J. Cannon, a retired R.N., was in a grocery store one afternoon in northern Florida where she lives. Suddenly, the ground shifted abruptly beneath her and she grabbed onto a shelf to keep her balance. Her head hammered, her vision blurred, nausea gripped her. She barely made it out of the store to her car. Her husband and the other people around her didn't experience anything at all.

"Prior to higher magnitude earthquakes, no matter where they are going to occur on the earth, I begin to experience a sense of impending doom," Connie says. "This is quickly followed by an 'edginess,' and then the physical symptoms kick in. My ears will click and ring and sometimes thump; walking becomes a real issue, as if I'm trying to walk on a rocking, undulating boat in

water although my floors are perfectly level and I must hold onto the walls to keep my balance. The nausea is a sea-sickness type of nausea. Although I do have Parkinson's, there's a distinct difference between those symptoms and the planetary event warnings."

On Wednesday, November 11, 2015, we received the following email from Connie.

Am wondering if any of the other planetary empaths are reporting in? About forty minutes ago, I began to have really awful symptoms. I feel very "sick" (stomach), feel as if I have a fever...I don't. Temp is actually low: 97.2 degrees. Also am crying for no reason...feel an intense overwhelming sense of great sadness enveloping me that has no basis in my life. I can't be still. Am walking, pacing the floor, want to wring my hands (wringing hands is totally foreign to me)...extreme nervous energy, and I am the least "nervous energy" person I've ever known.

I've checked the usual worldwide geographical sites for any kinds of earth events. So far, whatever it is has apparently not yet happened. Based on the strength of these symptoms, whatever is imminent is huge and probably will be accompanied by untenable grief and/or loss. It may not be a "planetary event." It may be some type of human-action….massive school shooting or something on that order. I hope not!! But I do sense many people involved. I hate this. Absolutely hate it. When it manifests, the symptoms will dissipate.

Two days later, November 13, terrorists attacked Paris in multiple locations killing 137 people, including seven terrorists. By Saturday afternoon, Connie said her planetary empathy symptoms were fading away.

Before the 6.3 quake in New Zealand on February 21, 2011, Natalie Thomas, a medium and mother of five in Australia, began to experience a great sense of agitation that came out of nowhere and "dreadful sadness akin to grief or a broken heart." Most of the time when these feelings begin to surface, it's as if a switch has been flicked on that allows her to feel the energy of events. The only thing she can equate it to is a sense of "being broken open."

On May 1, 2015, two days before the 7.8 quake in Nepal, Jane Clifford of Wales was in her garden when she experienced such violent shaking she had to stretch out against the ground. The next day, she told a friend that a massive earthquake was coming with huge loss of life. Her friend's response was that quakes were going on all the time, but Jane insisted that her premonitions are about the ones that hit the global news. When she woke up

on the day of the quake, she felt shock, grief, terror, loss, and knew the quake had happened. “I struggled to clear those emotions for hours, then heard on the radio about Nepal and knew there was more to come.”

We started gathering information about planetary empaths five years ago, in January 2010, when we began receiving emails from visitors to our synchronicity blog, who described a spectrum of physical symptoms that they believed portended an impending natural disaster. Some of these people said the symptoms were similar to what they had experienced before other disasters – 9/11, the Indonesian quake and tsunami in 2004, Hurricane Katrina in 2005, Hurricane Andrew in 1992. In other words, for some of these individuals, the symptoms had been consistent throughout their adult lives. They had a means of comparison.

It didn’t take long before disaster struck. On January 12, a 7.0 quake struck 15 miles southwest of Port au Prince, Haiti, at a depth of just 8.1 miles beneath the surface. According to Disasters Emergency Committee, an organization in the U.K., three and a half million were impacted by the quake. The death toll was enormous – more than 220,000 with another 300,000 injured – and the destruction was massive.

DEC estimated that after the quake, there were 19 million cubic meters of rubble and debris in Port au Prince – “enough to fill a line of shopping containers stretching end to end from London to Beirut.” At one point, a million and a half people were living in camps. In October, there was an outbreak of cholera that killed nearly six thousand and left more than 200,000 infected.

After the initial quake had occurred, the planetary empaths, who had contacted us, reported that their symptoms had subsided, but that they were still experiencing severe discomfort, indicating that the event wasn’t over yet. Sure enough, within the first nine hours after the quake, the United States Geological Survey recorded 32 aftershocks of 4.2 or greater, and on January 24—twelve days after the quake—there were 52 aftershocks measuring 4.5 or greater. Only then did the empaths report that they were free of their symptoms.

Mass Events & the Global Mind

The earthquake in Haiti classifies as a mass event – one in which media coverage is so extensive that you would have to be living under a rock not to

know about it. Mass events seize us emotionally, collectively, and that reality ripples outward through time. And it's measurable.

The Global Consciousness Project, based at Princeton University and co-sponsored by the Institute of Noetic Sciences, monitors what author and researcher Dean Radin calls the "global mind." It was started by Princeton's Dr. Roger Nelson, who defines the global mind as the combined consciousness of everyone on the planet.

The project collects data from a global network of physical random number generators located in up to 70 host sites around the world at any given time. According to their website, "The data are transmitted to a central archive which now contains more than 15 years of random data in parallel sequences of synchronized 200-bit trials generated every second. Our purpose is to examine subtle correlations that may reflect the presence and activity of consciousness in the world. We hypothesize that there will be structure in what should be random data, associated with major global events that engage our minds and hearts."

This means that if you repeatedly flip a coin, it should result in an equal number of heads and tails. But with events of extreme global interest, the concentrated and emotional outpouring results in a noticeable difference in the percent of heads versus tails. When 9/11 occurred, it became a collective story of humanity—the most powerful country in the world had been attacked in its financial heart by men armed with cardboard cutters from the richest oil producer on the planet.

Radin noted that on 9/11, thirty-seven of the random number generators were active. The fluctuations in the bell curve analysis indicated that anomalies had begun two hours before the first plane hit the World Trade Center – odds of 20 to 1. "That means that on that fateful day, the CP's 'bells' collectively rang out around the world with an unusually pure tone," Radin said.

It also means that the fluctuations were precognitive, that the global mind's awareness of an imminent mass disaster rippled out through time, into the future.

Are planetary empaths the human equivalents of random-number generators? Are they the twenty-first century shamans who can tap into the flow of human experience in a way that eludes the rest of us – but which might help us save lives? What can we learn from them? How can they learn to hone their abilities so they can pinpoint longitude and latitude, the exact place and

the nature of the disaster?

In *The Minority Report*, the Steven Spielberg movie based on Philip K Dick's novel, a group of precogs are wired to devices that enable police to arrest people before crimes are committed. Are these empaths our planetary precogs?

Is a new paradigm under construction here or have planetary empaths been around in one form or another for millennia? From the oracle at Delphi to Nostradamus and Edgar Cayce, the world has always had prophets and seers. But planetary empaths may be the quintessential result of the 21st century and an increasingly chaotic world. They are radically different from other prophets in that their physical bodies and emotions are the conduits of precognitive information.

These planetary empaths don't have the luxury that Nostradamus did, whose visions came to him while he stared into a brass bowl filled with water. They can't distance themselves from the information as Edgar Cayce did when he entered a self-induced trance. They must deal with physical symptoms that are often so debilitating it's difficult to function, to go about the business of your daily life.

The challenge for these individuals lies in defining the symptoms. Some know that a clicking or ringing in one ear or the other indicates an earthquake is imminent or that feeling hot and flushed indicates a volcanic eruption is about to occur. But location eludes them. Geographical coordinates don't accompany the symptoms. Most of the time, they don't even know on which continent the catastrophe will take place.

In late March and early April of 2013, we began receiving emails from several empaths about severe physical symptoms they were experiencing. We eventually realized these symptoms were connected to the bombing at the Boston Marathon on April 15, 2013.

On April 14, the day before the bombings, Jenean, a writer and poet, reported that she'd been having left ear vibrations, palpitations, a touch of dizziness. She was sitting outside on her daughter's deck, moved her chair slightly, and suddenly "felt the earth tremble" and jerked her chair back.

Her daughter noticed and asked here what was wrong. Jenean replied, "Didn't you feel that? The earth just trembled and I thought I was going to fall off the edge."

Her daughter laughed and said it was all in her head. The next day, of course, Jenean realized she'd been experiencing symptoms related to the

bombings.

Ridicule is one reason that planetary empaths are sometimes reluctant to talk about their experiences. It's easy for other people to write off ringing in the ears or vertigo or a sense that the earth is rocking and rolling as being "in your head"—i.e., you're imagining it. In Western society, we're taught to distrust and dismiss our intuition and the validity of our own experiences. We're taught that skepticism is the only course that is reasonable and logical. But isn't it more productive to react with an open mind, with curiosity and a willingness to explore whatever might be happening?

Planetary empaths are keenly sensitive to planetary disruptions. In essence, they serve as receivers of the rhythms of the planet, and the beat of the human condition. As such, we have much to learn from them.

9

Necromantic Numbers

There's something strange about how certain numbers keep popping up in our lives. Many of us see them as meaningful coincidence—synchronicity—in other words, a mystical thing. Statisticians, who work with numbers daily, tend to see their appearance in our lives as random. In fact, they might find something strange about people who see meaning in those repeating digits.

But if you Google digits such as 11:11 or 23 or 137, you'll see you're not alone if you think there's a greater meaning to repeated appearances of particular numbers. During one of our recent radio shows, the person interviewing us asked about clusters of synchronicities and we got into a discussion about number clusters. One of the most interesting involves the number 23, which we wrote about several times on our synchronicity blog.

23

In Tangiers in the early 1960s, William Burroughs, author of **Naked Lunch,** knew a certain Captain Clark who ran a ferry from Tangiers to Spain. Clark boasted that he'd been running the ferry for twenty-three years without incident. That same day, the ferry sank, killing Clark and everyone on board. That very evening, Burroughs was thinking about this tragic event and turned on the radio and heard about the crash of a New York-Miami airplane. The plane was piloted by a Captain Clark and it was Flight 23.

The synchronicity apparently shocked Burroughs enough so that he started compiling a list of synchronicities involving the number 23. In 1965, his friend and fellow author Robert Anton Wilson also began putting together a list of oddities about that number. One of the personal synchronicities he noted concerned his daughters. They were born on August 23 and February 23. Wilson wrote about the number for the Fortean Times in 1977. His article appeared in issue—yes, you guessed it—number 23.

But what is the meaning of such synchronicities related to that number? Could it be something in our genetic code or even the nature of our reality that causes that number to pop up in startling ways? Let's take a deeper look:

–The number holds considerable significance in science and math.

–During conception, each parent contributes 23 chromosomes apiece to the fetus.
–Euclid's geometry has 23 axioms.
–23 is the first prime number in which both digits are prime numbers and add up to another prime number.
–It takes 23 seconds for blood to circulate through the human body.
–Every 23rd wave that slams into a shore is twice as large as the average wave.
–The first lunar landing was in the Sea of Tranquility, 23.63 degrees East.
–The second lunar landing was in the Ocean of Storms, 23.42 degrees West.
–The first two landings were Apollo 11 and Apollo 12 – 11+12=23.
–The earth rotates completely every 23 hours, 56 minutes.
–The axis of the plane Earth is 23.5 degrees.
–The human biorhythm cycle is 23 days.
–The pattern of DNA shows irregular connections at every 23rd section.
–Humans have 23 vertebra running down the main part of their spines.
–The Harmonic Convergence occurs every 23,000 years.
–Geosynchronous orbit occurs at 23,000 miles above Earth's surface.
–September 23rd is the fall equinox.
–23+23+23=WWW, the World Wide Web (W being the 23rd letter of the alphabet)

In Hollywood, the number also plays a role. Whether intentional or accidental, the versions of 23 come up over and over on certain shows. Take *X-Files*. The production company, Ten-Thirteen -10+13 – adds up to 23. 10-13 is the birth date of creator Chris Carter. Fans of *X-Files* might remember an abandoned nuclear silo where a UFO is being held. 1013 is the number on the silo. In another episode, Mulder goes to the apartment of a recently deceased man and the number 23 is on the door.

In the series *Lost*, there are a number of oddities involving 23:
–Oceanic Flight 815—8+15=23
–The gate number from which the flight departed
–Jack's seat on the flight was 23A
–Rose and Bernard were sitting in row 23
–Hurley stayed in a Sydney hotel on floor 23
–The reward for turning Kate in: $23,000

–One of the numbers in the sequence of 6 that won Hurley the lottery and opened the hatch: 4 8 15 16 23 42.

Even if the repetition of 23s in the two TV series is intentional, it's nonetheless the sort of weirdness that would have interested both Burroughs and Wilson.

In 2007, a Jim Carey movie, *The Number 23*, met with lukewarm reviews, but the premise is intriguing. Walter Sparrow, an amiable dogcatcher, becomes obsessed with a murder mystery novel that continually circles the number 23. The characters in the novel, who become obsessed with the number, invariably end up dead. Carey's character believes the number parallels his own life and that the author is writing about him.

In February of 2016, Rob put up the William Burroughs #23 story on a Facebook synchronicity group page. Almost immediately a response appeared and the following short discussion ensued:

JY – did you know you typed that at 23:23 my time??
JY – I bet you did
Rob – I did not!
Rob –…Unless the Universe and I are conspiring against your doubts!
Rob – In fact, I did not know it was 6:23 Eastern U.S. time when I sent it. And I definitely am not in tune with your time zone. Where are you – Scotland?
JY –yup
JY – you know Rob I am entirely used to the number synch thing...if anyone writes about a number synch I just know it will be that time o'clock!

Let's move on to the numbers that baffle, surprise and delight. It's a key to the underlying mystery of synchronicity.

11:11

If you Google 11:11, you won't have any problem finding material. Google notes that there are about 622 million results as of mid-January 2017. Gregg Prescott, author of the in5D.com website, notes that there is a global phenomenon related to repeated appearances of 11:11 that is perplexing

many individuals. “From teenagers to senior citizens, these synchronistic numbers seem to appear on a daily basis. What does 1111 mean?”

He provides an example. “You might be putting gas in your car and when you’re done, you’ll notice that you put exactly 11.11 gallons in your car. Or you might be at the checkout line in a store and the cashier gives you $11.11 in change. As you’re going home, you might notice a license plate with the numbers 1111 on it.”

Or, you might notice all three of those examples, as clusters of 11s.

Some people who see the same numbers, like 11:11, over and over quite often feel they’re being stalked by the numbers or some force behind the numbers that is attempting to deliver a message. Jane Clifford of Wales is one of those people. She wrote to our synchronicity blog with this story.

“When my Dad was dying, we met as a family in a cottage on a beach so he could be by the sea for the last time. I spent three days there. On the morning I was leaving, my departure was delayed as I waited for my niece so I could say goodbye. Finally, I jumped in my car to leave, glanced at the clock as I started the engine, and it was 11:11.”

Jane stayed with a friend that night to break her journey home. The next morning, her friend convinced her not to leave right away, and when she finally started the car it was again 11:11.

“I was fairly weary when I got home after my journey, and when I went to bed that night I glanced at the clock, and yes, it was 11:11 again!” The next morning she slept in late, woke with a start, looked at her clock and was not only surprised to see how late it was, but that once again it was 11:11.

“I have heard among other things that an awareness of 11:11 precedes a shift in consciousness. Certainly as Dad approached his death I was undergoing a shift in my understanding and consciousness.” Jane said that the 11:11 appearances have continued from time to time, but nothing as intense as during the final days of her father’s life. It seems that times of transition are when startling synchronicities and such clusters appear.

What Does it Mean?

That’s the question that is often asked when people repeatedly see 11:11. The answer is that can mean many things, but they are all related. It just depends on your perspective.

It’s about spiritual awakening. And about gaining more balance in your

life. Some people see the numbers as a digital prompt from their guardian angel or spirit guide.

Another explanation is that 11:11 shows the link between the underlying reality— what physicist David Bohm called the enfolded or "implicate order"—and the daily, unfolded world or "explicate order." The implicate order is a kind of primal soup that births everything in the universe—consciousness, space, even time and everything is interconnected. When you see 11:11, you feel connected with the Universe and everyone else.

Some people see the numbers as a digital code embedded in our genetic material that prompts us to look deeper into our lives, expand our awareness, and awakens dormant DNA. The numbers, some mystics suggest, represents twin strands of DNA and seeing 11 or 11:11 repeatedly could indicate an "upgrade" in DNA, one that opens you to multidimensional awareness.

Kids know about this number and often think of it as a game. If they see, 11:11, they make a wish! Again, maybe it's an awakening code. In numerology, 11 is a master number, the most intuitive number and represents idealism, revelations, artistic and inventive genius, the visionary, especially when focused on concrete goals.

The number fascinates Uri Geller.

Uri Geller

"I started experiencing this rather bizarre occurrence when I was forty years old. At first I thought they were coincidences. I would stand with my back to a digital clock and something made me turn around and I would notice that the time would be 11:11. These incidents intensified. I would be checked into hotel rooms on floor 11 room 1111. I started noticing these digits on computers, microwave ovens, cars, documents, etc."

Geller decided to write about it on his website. He was soon inundated by hundreds of emails from all around the world from people telling him their own 11:11 stories. Many said, "I thought it only happened to me."

Geller also has some ideas about the meaning of 11:11. He contends the number was encoded in our cellular memory banks long ago. It has remained dormant and is now activating. He thinks it's a bridge to another reality. He writes metaphorically: "It is like a bridge which has the inherent potential of linking together two very different spirals of energy. As we unite together as One, bringing together our fragments of the key, we not only create the key,

but we make visible the Doorway. Thus this bridge functions as an invisible door or a doorway into the invisible realm." He adds that it's the key to unlocking the mysteries of the universe.

Edgar Cayce

Known as the 'Sleeping Prophet,' Cayce during his life provided thousands of readings to individuals and made predictions about world events upcoming and details about events from the distant past. He died in 1945, and during his life there were no digital clocks. Yet, he also talked about ones.

In one of his readings, he said: **"***The first lesson for six months should be One-One-One-One; Oneness of God, oneness of man's relation, oneness of force, oneness of time, oneness of purpose, Oneness in every effort-Oneness-Oneness!"*

The Historical Ones

Here are some significant historical examples that tie 11, 111, or 11:11 to significant events:

–The World War I armistice was signed at 11:11 AM on 11/11/18.
–World War II ended on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month.
–The Berlin Wall fell on 11/11/89.
–JFK was assassinated on 11/22.
–Yasser Arafat died on 11/11/04.
–The 2012 solstice for 12/21/12 was at 11:11 Universal time.

Another puzzling number baffled a renowned physicist to the very end.

137

Wolfgang Pauli, a physicist and Nobel laureate, was an early supporter of Carl Jung's theory on synchronicity and investigated the phenomenon as well. Pauli was confounded by one of the unsolved mysteries of modern physics, the value of the fine structure constant, which involves the number 137.

As fellow physicist F. David Peats explained, "…while the other

fundamental constants of nature are all immensely small or enormously large, this fine structure constant 1/137 turns out to be a human-sized number. This number…and its place in the scale of the universe particularly puzzled Pauli."

137 is a prime number—a number that can be divided by 1 and by itself. In other words, it's a positive integer that cannot equal the product of two smaller integers.

The number became so puzzling to physicists that the famed Richard Feynman, who won the Nobel Prize in 1965 for his contributions to the development of quantum electrodynamics, said that physicists should put a sign in their offices to remind themselves of how much they don't know. The sign would be simple: 137.

When Pauli was admitted to the hospital at the age of fifty-eight and learned he would be in room 137, he supposedly told a friend, "I will never get out of here." And he was right. He died shortly afterward.

In 2012, we went to Toronto to be interviewed for William Shatner's show, *Weird or What?* We were there to talk about Pauli, who won a Nobel in 1945 for his exclusion principle and also collaborated with Carl Jung on synchronicity. Specifically, we were there to talk about what has become known as the Pauli effect, the spontaneous breakdown of laboratory equipment in his presence. (There's much more on this effect in the next chapter.) This seemingly psychokinetic effect was to be presented as a possible theory for what was happening to a woman who believed she was the victim of government mind control. Clearly, the show was aptly named! Weird or what, indeed!

We were also well aware of Pauli's connection with the number 137, which Arthur I Miller in his book, *Deciphering the Cosmic Number: **The** Strange Friendship of Wolfgang Pauli and Carl Jung*, called the "DNA of Light." It turned out that the number would haunt us during out entire stay in Toronto.

We were picked up at the airport on Friday evening by a service Shatner's production company provided. The car was spacious, comfortable, and gave us a chance to sit back and take in the city as the driver made his way through Friday rush hour traffic. At one point on Yonge Street, the line of cars came to a complete standstill and Trish glanced up and couldn't believe what she was seeing. There, on our right, was a building with prominent white numbers on the front: 137, Pauli's number. And we were here to talk about Pauli.

We both laughed. Then she noticed that the building was a gym—Good Life Fitness—which struck us as strangely ironic. 137 had proven to be Pauli's death number, but we were here to talk about one facet of his life.

Something similar happened to F. David Peat when he was invited to speak at the 50th anniversary of the opening of the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich. He told us this story in an e-mail.

"I arrived at the hotel next to the institute, was given a key and told my room that was on the second floor of the annex. I didn't go to my room at once, but went down to the lake. The idea was to get something of the spirit of Jung, but after half an hour, nothing happened at all. So I thought I'd go back to the hotel, sleep and maybe have a dream about Jung. I took the elevator to the second floor, removed the key from my pocket and it was 137! And so I realized I was there to talk about Pauli and not Jung.

"That evening I told the story about the key and an old man at the back laughed. Later, when I wrote an equation on the board, the same old man said, 'It won't work.'

"I replied, 'Oh, the spirit of Pauli is in the room.'

"At the reception I asked who the old man was. It turned out that he was an assistant who was with Pauli in the hospital. Some time later I learned that Pauli had given the inaugural talk at the institute half a century earlier. While Pauli was speaking, he thought: 'Let it all pour out,' and at that moment a vase of flowers broke and water poured over the table." The Pauli effect in action!

For us, the synchronicities related to 137 continued in Toronto. On Sunday, we had some time before we were to be picked up at our hotel for a ride to the airport, so we walked around downtown and found ourselves on Yonge Street, where the gym was located. Trish wanted to get a picture of the 137, so we walked until we found it and she took several photos. We continued our walk and after a few blocks one of us mentioned Pauli again. At that moment, we both noticed a prominent sign across the street: WE'VE MOVED to 137 YONGE. It was apparently the former site of the gym.

When we returned to the hotel, we sat in the lobby and Trish started emailing the photos on her phone to her email so she could download them to her computer. She also emailed one of her #137 photos to a couple of friends whom she knew would enjoy it. As she checked her iPad to make sure the photos were delivered, she suddenly noticed that the #137 photo had been sent at 1:37.

The 27 Club

The number 27 hasn't been kind to musicians. The strange thing about musicians and that number began with Beethoven, who died in 1892 at the creatively ripe young age of twenty-seven. In numerology, 27 (2+7) is a 9, which relates to beginnings and endings. Interestingly, Beethoven died after completing his ninth symphony.

Many more were to follow. Among them, Amy Winehouse, Kurt Cobain, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison and Brian Jones. Charles R. Cross, the biographer of both Cobain and Hendrix, wrote that the number of musicians who died at age twenty-seven is "truly remarkable by any standard."

Brian Jones and Jim Morrison actually died on the same date two years apart. Numerous website catalog the club members, which have grown to about three dozen. Contrary to the assumption that most died of drug overdoses, that isn't necessarily the case.

Roger Lee Durham, with Bloodstone, died in 1973 when he fell off a horse.

Arlester Christian, vocalist of Dyke & the Blazers, was shot in 1971. Linda Jones, an R&B singer, died while in a diabetic coma in 1972. Alexander Bashlachev, a Russian poet, rock musician and songwriter, committed suicide in 1988.

Amy Winetraub, at age twenty-four, worried publicly that she would join the club, and she did. In the aftermath of Kurt Colbain's suicide, his mother was quoted as saying: "Now he's gone and joined that stupid club. I told him not to join that stupid club."

Finally, here's an oddity related to the number 239. This story is recounted from *Mysteries of the Unexplained,* a compendium of oddities. It has also appeared in a German travel guide and on several websites, including a physics forum.

Marker 239

Late in the summer of 1929, a new highway was opened in Germany. It connected the cities of Bremen and Bremerhaven. Within a year, more than 100 cars had crashed on the highway— all of them at kilometer marker 239, which surprisingly is a straight stretch of road.

When survivors were questioned by the police, they described feeling “a tremendous thrill” as their cars reached the marker. They claimed that a great force seized their vehicles and pulled them off the road. Apparently, there was a ditch on the side of the road. On one day alone, September 7, 1930, *nine* cars were wrecked at the marker.

Investigators, of course, were bewildered. However, a local dowser named Carl Wehrs suggested that the mysterious force was a powerful magnetic current generated by an underground stream. To test his theory, he used a divining rod and slowly walked toward marker 239. When he was about 12 feet away and directly opposite the marker, the rod flew out of his hands and he was spun around.

Convinced his theory was correct, Wehrs found a solution to the problem. He buried a copper box filled with small, star-shaped pieces of copper at the base of the stone marker. For a week, the box stayed where he’d buried it and during this time, there wasn’t a single accident.

Then the box was dug up and the first three cars that passed the marker were wrecked. The box was quickly reburied and since then, there supposedly haven’t been any accidents at marker 239.

Local farmers offer their own version of the story. They believed that a devil was responsible for the accidents. They claimed that after it was exorcised from the road, it entered their radios, which then produced nothing but static.

Marker 239 belongs on the synchronicity highway!

10

PK Power

Jung & Rhine

After his father's death, when he was in his first semester of medical school, Carl Jung and his mother and sister moved to a former mill, a dilapidated structure they got rent free from a relative. Jung was studying in his room one summer afternoon when a cracking sound resounded nearby. He hurried into the dining room and discovered that a seventy-year-old walnut dining room table "had split from center to rim in a way that had nothing to do with its construction or the natural grain of the wood," wrote Deirdre Bair in *Jung: A Biography*. It's unlikely that weather was a factor. While this sort of thing might happen on a cold, dry day in winter, the day was hot and humid.

A few weeks later, Jung got home one evening to find everyone in the household disturbed by something that had just happened. There had been another loud noise. This one had come from a sideboard, a piece of nineteenth-century Swiss furniture with multiple drawers and cabinets for storing dishes and utensils. Jung's mother and sister and the maid were too afraid to look for the cause of the noise, so Jung did.

In a side cupboard, where the bread was kept, Jung found a bread knife with its blade neatly severed in several places. "It could only have been broken in such a manner if the blade had been snapped deliberately several times, but there had been only one resounding noise, and no one had touched the knife since the previous meal," Bair wrote.

Jung, of course, wanted answers. He took the knife to a cutler, who informed him the metal couldn't have shattered naturally and attributed it to "an act of mischief."

But perpetrated by who or what? Jung kept the broken knife the rest of his life.

Jung corresponded briefly with J.B. Rhine, one of the early parapsychology researchers who went on to establish the Rhine Institute at Duke University, and told him about the exploding table and the shattered knife. Rhine agreed these incidents were probably the result of psychokinesis (PK), but was stumped about how to test such a thing in a laboratory setting.

Then, one day in 1934, a gambler walked into Rhine's office and inadvertently solved his dilemma about how to test psychokinesis in a lab.

The gambler told Rhine he could influence the fall of the dice, and Rhine, a skeptic, said, "Show me."

"So the two crouched on the floor—the traditional gambler's pose —and the visitor proceeded to demonstrate," wrote Colin Wilson in *Mysteries: An Investigation into the Occult, the Paranormal, & the Supernatural*.

As the man tossed the dice, Rhine realized the gambler was illustrating how mind over matter could be tested in a laboratory setting. They wouldn't need professional psychics and mediums for the tests, as they did at the time to investigate telepathy and survival after death. Rhine realized that most students were experts at tossing dice. The upshot was that Rhine tried using students to influence dice and, as Wilson noted, "his results revolutionized parapsychology. For they showed beyond all possible doubt that when someone first made a determined effort to influence the dice, the results were significantly above expectation."

Rhine's experiments also showed that when students immediately moved on to a second attempt to influence the dice, the results dropped. With a third attempt, the results dropped even more. "In other words," Wilson wrote, "students could exert PK powers when they were fresh and really put their minds to it. Then their attention began to waver and the results fell off."

The Pauli Effect

There are some people who enter a room and *stuff happens.* Appliances go berserk, computers crash, cell phones act up. Theoretical physicist and Nobel laureate Wolfgang Pauli, one of the early supporters of Jung's theory on synchronicity, was one such person.

From early on in his career, colleagues noticed that whenever he entered a lab, equipment broke down spontaneously. It happened so frequently when Pauli was around, his coworkers called it "the Pauli effect." Over time, most of the scientists with whom Pauli worked knew about it. Physicists at the university in Hamburg where he worked were convinced that Pauli's presence anywhere near a lab led to a breakdown in equipment. Otto Stern, a fellow physicist, eventually forbade Pauli to enter the lab.

Imagine what a dilemma the Pauli effect must have been for fellow scientists, particularly for Stern, a Nobel laureate in physics. Psychokinesis,

which hasn't been proven to the satisfaction of mainstream science happened often when Pauli walked into a lab.

"*The Pauli effect,* as it became known, was obviously impossible; it had to be just a matter of coincidence," wrote Arthur I Miller in *Deciphering the Cosmic Number.* "But nevertheless, it happened again and again."

Miller's statement is an oxymoron. If something "impossible" occurs repeatedly, then it isn't impossible. And apparently the Pauli effect could happen even when Pauli wasn't present.

In Miller's book, he discusses an incident that happened in the 1920s. One afternoon at the University of Gottingen in Germany, a complicated apparatus for the study of atoms collapsed, without apparent cause. Pauli was in Switzerland at the time. "At last, said his colleagues, relieved, here was clear proof it couldn't be the Pauli effect."

The professor in charge of the laboratory wrote Pauli, telling him about the event. After a protracted delay, he received a letter from Pauli saying that he had been on his way to Copenhagen, but at the moment the equipment broke down, his train had stopped for a few minutes at the Gottingen station.

Miller also relates another story that happened in 1955. In celebration of the 50th anniversary of the discovery of Einstein's special theory of relativity, Pauli was to lecture at the Zurich Physical Society. Three of his friends and colleagues had dinner with him beforehand, then they all set out for the lecture. One Swiss physicist was on his scooter, saw he was low on gas, and stopped at a gas station. His scooter caught fire, was totaled, and he had to walk. A second Swiss physicist discovered that his bike had two flat tires, so he had to walk, too. The third man took the tram, which he did frequently, but forgot to get off at the right stop.

They all made it to the lecture, but one of the men involved noted that with the Pauli effect, Pauli himself never experienced any harm.

As one of Pauli's close friends said, "It is quite legitimate to understand the 'Pauli effect' as a synchronistic phenomenon as conceived by Jung."

Jung probably wouldn't argue with that. In 1909, he experienced a telekinetic event during a meeting with Freud. Jung had asked Freud about his views on parapsychology and when Freud dismissed the entire field as nonsense, Jung understandably felt stung and betrayed. His own research, after all, was taking him more deeply into the world of parapsychology, mythology, religion, and symbolism. He held back an angry response, but suddenly experienced an intense inner heat, as if his diaphragm was burning

up. Right then, a loud cracking sound erupted from a nearby bookcase, startling him and Freud.

Jung suggested it was an example of "catalytic exteriorization phenomena. When Freud dismissed that explanation as "sheer bosh," Jung predicted the loud cracking noise would happen again – and it did.

"It's as if…a burst of mental energy is propagated outward into the physical world," wrote author and physicist F. David Peat in *Synchronicity: The Bridge Between Mind and Matter.*

Yes, it is. But it also sounds like something you would read in a Stephen King novel or see in a movie—*Firestarter, Carrie, The Fury, The X-Men, Mathilda.* What happened during that meeting between Jung and Freud or whenever Pauli walked into a lab is mind-matter interaction, the movement of or effect upon matter through nothing more than the power of mind. Psychokinesis.

At the time the Jung Institute opened in Zurich, Jung and Pauli were working together to merge psychology and physics by proposing that the three cornerstones of physics—space, time, and causality—should include synchronicity. So as Jung drew attention to Pauli's work in bringing together the two fields, and Pauli was about to address the convention, a vase overturned, spilling water everywhere. Maybe the message was that psychokinesis should also have a place in physics!

One of the most comical anecdotes about the Pauli effect that Miller reported in his book occurred in the late 1920s, when Pauli met Erwin Panofsky, an art historian and expert on Johannes Kepler, a 17th German century mathematician, astronomer and astrologer. They were introduced by a mutual friend at an outdoor restaurant in Hamburg. Miller noted that for Panofsky, the meeting was unforgettable for many reasons, but mostly because he personally experienced the Pauli effect. At the end of the long lunch, the three individuals stood up and Panofsky and the mutual friend discovered that they—but not Pauli—had been sitting in whipped cream for the entire lunch.

"If our minds can reach out and alter the movement of a cascade of marbles or the operation of a machine, what strange alchemy might account for such an ability?" wrote Michael Talbot in *The Holographic Universe.*

Is psychokinesis the power behind psychic healing? Teleportation? Influencing the outcomes of sporting events? Is it a skill we can learn and develop? Ask Uri Geller.

Uri Geller

The Israeli spoon bender claims his powers come from ETs. Maybe they did. Enhanced paranormal abilities are often reported in the wake of UFO encounters and abductions. But Geller's problem isn't ETs; it's skeptics. His credibility was seriously undermined by professional skeptics like James Randi, who insisted Geller's alleged telekinetic feats were sleights of hand, just stage magic. Even noted scientists attacked him. Physicist Richard Feynman claimed Geller was fraudulent in his claims.

At some point during 1974, Trish happened to see Geller on TV one night, at the height of his popularity. He was bending spoons. She thought how she would like to see him do this in person, close up. About ten years later, she had an opportunity.

We had been married about a year by then and happened to be in a South Florida mall, where Geller was demonstrating his telekinetic abilities. We wandered over to the small group that watched—maybe two dozen people—and were able to move in close to the platform that elevated him somewhat above the crowd. It was hardly Madison Square Gardens!

First he demonstrated spoon-bending and talked about what was happening as he ran his fingers repeatedly over the spoon. We were within ten feet of Geller, so we had an excellent view of the spoon. As we watched, the upper part of the handle started to bend, so that the spoon curved downward, like something out of a Dali painting. Then Geller asked for keys from the audience. People gladly turned over their keys—but we didn't. We had just seen what he'd done to the spoon and we didn't intend to get stuck at a mall ten to fifteen miles from home.

As sets of keys were handed over to Geller, he ran his fingers over them, a tight hush settled over the small crowd. Keys were bent at weird and impossible angles and handed back to their owners, who held them up for everyone to see.

Sleight of hand? We aren't professional debunkers or magicians, but were close enough to see the metal bend, to see what the keys looked like when the owners dangled them from their raised hands for minutes after Geller returned them. *The metal was curved, bent, abnormal.*

Even though Geller has been attacked by a host of skeptics, when he was tested at Stanford University, the results were impressive. "At Stanford, he demonstrated remarkable powers of telepathy, extrasensory perception, and

the power to deflect a compass needle by concentrating on it," wrote Colin Wilson in *Mysteries: An Investigation into the Occult, the Paranormal, & the Supernatural.*

According to a documentary film about Geller that aired on the BBC2 on July 21, 2013, Uri Geller was at the heart of the psychic research by the CIA conducted at California's Stanford Research Institute in the 1970s. At the time he was an Israeli soldier. According to a piece in *The Guardian* written by the filmmaker, Vikram Jayanti, the film uses "footage from the CIA-funded film record of the Uri Geller experiments, and we then track stories about Uri's involvement in events ranging from the Israeli commando raid on Entebbe through to his participation in the search for Osama bin Laden, with a mysterious sidebar as a federal agent for the Mexican government." The film also draws on knowledge from someone "in a position to know" that the psychic spy program (Stargate) wasn't shut down in 1995, but simply went "deeper black." So, Jayanti speculates, perhaps Geller is still at work as a psychic spy.

In Dean Radin's book *Supernormal: Science, Yoga, and the Evidence of Extraordinary Psychic Abilities,* there are several chapters on psychokinesis and the various types of scientific experiments used to investigate the phenomenon. When testing psychokinesis with inanimate objects, two types of experiments are conducted—micro-PK, where the targets are microscopic (photons, radioactive particles) and macro-PK, where the target is large enough to see with the naked eye. Spoon-bending is considered macro-PK. "This phenomenon has been studied a few times under quasi-controlled circumstances, and in my opinion it seems that something interesting may be going on." However, Radin says, since there are many ways of bending metal with conjuring techniques, the scientific evidence is insufficient.

"That said, if I were forced to decide whether it was *possible* to bend metal for real, without using blunt force or conjuring methods, then I would say yes, it is possible." And Radin says this because not only has he seen it done by ordinary people, but he himself did it at a spoon-bending party.

He was holding a large, heavy soup spoon and was mimicking the hand movements of a woman nearby. While watching the woman, he heard someone shout, "Look what you've done!"

He glanced up to see what the commotion was about and it turned out that *he* was the source of the commotion. "I had somehow bent the bowl of the spoon I was holding about 90 degrees. I immediately checked my fingers to

see if I had unconsciously used force, because it would have taken an enormous effort to create that bend and the effect would have left clear indentations on my fingers. There were no signs of force."

Someone shouted at him to bend it all the way, so he pinched it with a thumb and forefinger. "After the bowl folded over, it stiffened, and within a few seconds it became as hard as steel."

Radin hasn't been able to repeat what he did. "So I can't explain how this happened, nor do I present it as evidence for macro-PK. But it did happen."

Perhaps one of the reasons Radin was able to bend the spoon at the party was because everyone around him was trying to do so as well and believed it was possible. The energy of the collective can create a powerful momentum and environment in which the paranormal flourishes.

PEAR: the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research

Robert G Jahn is a professor of aerospace sciences and dean emeritus of the School of Engineering and Applied Science at Princeton. He's also the program director for PEAR, which he started in 1979 when a student asked him to oversee an experiment on psychokinesis that she was doing as an independent study project. At the time, Jahn didn't believe in the paranormal. But he agreed to oversee the student's project and was so intrigued by the results that he founded the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research – PEAR.

For the last 34 years, PEAR has conducted thousands of experiments that involved millions of trials that were performed by several hundred operators. The focus of their research has been in two primary areas: human-machine anomalies and remote perception. According to their website, the most substantial part of their research has been on the first area.

"In these studies human operators attempted to bias the output of a variety of mechanical, electronic, optical, acoustical, and fluid devices to conform to pre-stated intentions, without recourse to any known physical influences. In unattended calibrations all of these sophisticated machines produced strictly random data, yet the experimental results display increases in information content that can only be attributed to the consciousness of their human operators."

In other words, these human operators attempted to influence machines—psychokinesis. One of their most intriguing findings was that pairs of

operators with *shared intentions,* especially when the two individuals were bonded emotionally, "were found to induce further anomalies in the experimental outputs."

The key phrase here is *emotional bond,* which suggests that psychokinesis may have an emotional basis—like when Freud's rebuttal of the paranormal made Jung feel betrayed.

Also, even more remarkably, "these anomalies were demonstrated with the operators located thousands of miles from the laboratory, exerting their efforts many hours before or after the actual operation of the devices."

This particular finding correlates with what happened in a lab at the University of Gottingen just as Pauli's train had pulled into the Gottingen station miles away.

The ramifications of the discoveries at PEAR suggest that the current scientific belief about the nature of reality may be seriously flawed. From the PEAR website: "Beyond its revolutionary technological applications and scientific impact, the evidence of an active role of consciousness in the establishment of physical reality holds profound implications for our view of ourselves, our relationships to others, and to the cosmos in which we exist. Our ability to acquire, or to generate tangible, measurable information independent of distance or time challenges the foundation of any reductionist brain-based model of consciousness that may be invoked."

So we know some of the components that play into psychokinesis: emotions/ emotional bonds; being engaged and interested; being rested. But sometimes, psychokinesis occurs within group settings, as it did for Radin at the spoon-bending party, where the collective energy of the group is powerful enough to impact matter.

The Power of the Collective Mind

When you meditate, you're more inclined to look inward for answers, are more aware of living in the moment, it's easier to find peace of mind, and it may very well increase the incidence of synchronicity in your life. When you meditate as a group, a kind of collective energy builds up and, as we discovered, it can trigger telekinetic events.

In a meditation course Rob taught, we were in the midst of the final moments of the final class, finishing the last repetition of a Hawaiian shamanic chant—*I'm sorry, please forgive me, I love you, thank you*—when

the lights suddenly went out. The class sat there for a moment in a stunned silence, recognizing the oddity of the event, the synchron-icity. Rob closed with a *Namaste*—"the light in me greets the light in you." More appropriate than usual since we were in the dark. Trish hurried over to the far wall and flicked the light switch. The room illuminated. But who or what had turned off the light?

Rob later emailed the owner of the studio and asked if the lights were on a timer. They weren't. It wasn't an electrical blackout, either, because the soft lights in the front room of the yoga studio were still on. It was as if the collective energy of the students acknowledged the end of the six-week course at the same moment. That energy was powerful enough to provide a punctuation point—the extinguishing of the light, a great example of psychokinesis and synchronicity.

Your Pauli Effect

What about the rest of us? Do ordinary people have telekinetic experiences? It turns out that we do, but may dismiss our "Pauli effects" as quirks and intriguing anomalies.

Vicki DeLaurentis says she tends to have an effect on electrical things. "If I am having computer problems I know to walk away and let someone else fix it. Also cash registers. I've been at stores and if I get upset 'my' register will have problems so I always try to be aware of that. When I was a child I loved to change red lights to green! I am not as good at that anymore."

However, during a vacation in Ocean City, Maryland, every time she and her family were on the boardwalk and stepped under a light, it would go out. At first, her daughters got a kick out of it, but when other people started noticing, they wanted her to stop doing whatever she was doing. But she couldn't stop it. It wasn't something she could just turn off and on.

Jenean Gilstrap, who lives in Delaware, says that when she was a kid, she used to be able to change stoplights from red to green. "I always thought everyone could do it." As an adult, this ability manifested itself with computers. "In my last job situation, it became an office joke that if I was feeling a certain way, computers would crash. I could walk into the office and just know it was going to be one of those days."

Mike Perry, who blogs about synchronicity, wonders if there are different degrees of the Pauli effect, perhaps brought about by expectations. In other

words, “what we expect, we get.” Mike offers a simple example of a friend who, before he goes away on vacation, actually says, “Wonder what will go wrong this time!” And sure enough, he invariably has problems on vacations. “His car will break down, in one instance his wife broke a bone in her foot, he gets the flu and so on and so on. Then he arrives back home with some sob story or another.”

Jeri Gerard, who lives in Ohio, had one such experience that she has never forgotten. “I have known my husband for twenty-two years and we are best friends. In all of that time, I think we have argued three times. One night when we were staying in my aunt’s house, we had an argument. It was horrible. I couldn’t look at my husband and I would not lay down next to him. I put my blanket and pillow on the floor at the foot of the bed. Neither one of us can tell you what the argument was about. All I can say is that the anger lifted from me suddenly about ten minutes later. I laid down on the bed next to my husband and we both stared up at the motionless ceiling fan.

“It began to move. It started to spin slowly at first and then faster and faster until it seemed as if it would fly apart. And then… it stopped. No one else was in the house at the time and the switch on the wall was off the whole time. To this day I am grateful for the shared experience. I could have done without the arguing, but my husband has never had the supernatural experiences that I have had except for that one time. He is very scientific and a psychologist and has a practical explanation for everything. Without that shared experience, I would worry that he might question the reliability of my perceptions.”

The movement of the ceiling fan, like the cracking sound that ensued after Freud had dismissed the paranormal as absurd, seemed to have been caused by a release of intense emotion. Is intense emotion and focus also behind winning at the slot machines?

Several years ago, we flew across the state with Bruce Gernon, Rob’s co-author of *The Fog,* and his wife, Lynn. Our destination was a casino on the Seminole Indian reservation near Imokalee, Florida. At the airport, as we waited inside the small terminal for a ride to the casino, Lynn pulled out a small velvet pouch. “Let’s see what the pendulum has to say about our trip to the casino.” She grinned. “Are we going to win anything?”

The answer was a resounding *yes.* While Lynn knows her way around casinos, we were basically clueless and allotted ourselves twenty bucks apiece for the slot machines. We hoped to win grocery money, so you might

say our intentions and expectations were somewhat low.

The inside of the casino was like another world altogether—no windows, no clocks, just a strange twilight lit up by hundreds of machines, and absolutely no sense of the outer world. It was a kind of *bardo*, a Tibetan word that literally means an intermediate state, the place we go in between lives, where our expectations and beliefs dictate what we experience. In this "between" state, we felt as if we'd entered Rod Serling's *Twilight Zone,* a vast emptiness of probability.

At the check-in counter, we received scratch tickets, free draws, because we'd never been to a casino in Florida before. Trish's was for $25, Rob's was for $10. The clerk said we could use the scratch ticket on every machine except the "progressives." Once we had placed a bet, we could cash in the value of the ticket. So Lynn led us off to the one-armed bandits.

She explained how you place bets on the various machines—bets from one cent to a quarter. You slide your ID card into a slot, then insert your free ticket, place a bet… Trish won $66 on her first try and quit the machine after she cashed out.

Suddenly, at one of the "progressive machines," where bets progress upward on an incomprehensible scale, a woman shrieked with joy. She had just won $237. She was on a roll and she knew it. "As soon as she gets up, we'll try that machine," Lynn said. "You want to use the machines that win." And she proceeded to explain which machines she had used in past visits that had surrendered their riches.

At this point, we started to wonder if psychokinesis is involved in lucky streaks. Do players, through their intentions, needs, desires and beliefs, somehow merge with the consciousness of the machine to bring about a win? Do their desires impact the machines? Or it is all random luck? When we left the casino, we had won $130 and Lynn had won several hundred. Lynn's pendulum had been right. Our expectations had been met—grocery money. If we visit the casino again, we'll be sure to have higher expectations and more focused intentions!

"The few times I've gone to casinos, I must be in a certain frame of mind to win," says Jenean Gilstrap. "By that I mean I must *know* that I'm going to win. When I get to the casino, I shut my eyes and *feel* which machine is the *winning* one, and then go only to that one or others that *feel* right to me." Jenean notes that she can't manufacture the frame of mind that enables her to win.

One time she and her daughter were at a casino and Jenean *felt* her way toward a winning machine and told her daughter to play it. “I saw a large token left in the return of the machine and asked several people if they’d left the token. No one claimed it, so I told Heather to play it because it was going to win. Heather dropped the token into the slot, pulled the lever, and suddenly sirens and whistles went off, waitresses with trays of drinks gathered around, and $600 came pouring out. Heather was in law school then, and the winning cash went to buy expensive legal textbooks.

11

A Really Strange Thing

Seers among us have said that in the future, today's scientific community —despite all of our technical wonders—will be seen as ignorant. Ignorant of a pervasive reality, of the overwhelming evidence of the presence of intelligent beings from elsewhere. And also largely ignorant of the reality of so-called paranormal abilities. Our mainstream scientists will be seen as men and women with their heads literally buried in the sand. Not only are they in denial of what is, but they are avidly fighting against the consensus among an expanding sub-culture that accepts the reality of an alien presence, of extraterrestrial and interdimensional travel, and of our own abilities that transcend the six senses. Fortunately, there are some bold scientists exploring the frontiers of our knowledge in these realms. But they do so at great risk of being ostracized by their colleagues.

Colm Kelleher, a biochemist and cancer researcher, is one scientist who has explored UFOs and the paranormal when he became involved with the National Institute for Discovery Science (NIDS), a so-called "fringe" research group initiated and funded by billionaire Robert Bigelow. Kelleher is well aware of the fringe designation and the stigma attached to this type of research.

In an interview that appeared in an article in *Business Insider,* Kelleher is quoted as saying: "The vast majority of scientists dismiss this type of research as being absolutely worthless...There's a real aura of ridicule and trivializations surrounding the UFO field which makes scientists run a mile the other way. To many scientists, studying UFOs is really a career killer, and that hasn't changed in 50 years."

Scientists exploring unusual matters, such as UFOs and the paranormal, risk their academic standing among peers, and endure ridicule, scorn and mockery. It's not just scientists, though. Pilots and military personnel who report UFOs or take an interest in the subject can lose their careers. Journalists can't cover the subject without attracting suspicion that they are mentally deranged or have lost their abilities to separate facts from fantasy.

The mainstream media plays a major role in ignoring and dissing the reality of an other-worldly presence. As Ben Mezrich wrote in *The 37th Parallel: The Secret Truth Behind America's UFO Highway,* "The lack of

acceptance of outer-worldly phenomena, in the face of a staggering number of witness accounts and radar evidence—page after page of radar data clearly showing unidentified blips, from Roswell to radar tracking Foo Fighters during World War II to the numerous UFO sightings near nuclear bases all over the world—was akin to primitive beliefs that the world was flat. When history was written in the future, it would consider Ufology the greatest ball the fourth estate has ever dropped."

The government and military play a cagier role, denying interest, yet continuing to secretly explore these realms. While the reality of UFOs were largely dismissed in the Blue Book and Condon reports from the 1960s, investigations have secretly continued to this day. When we report a case in Quebec in nine parts on our blog in 2012, an array of military and intelligence agencies took an interest. In fact, an investigator with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—Canada's equivalent to the FBI—spent eight hours on the blog examining those posts. (It must've been a slow day!)

Similarly, the U.S. government and military has pursued paranormal abilities, in particular, clairvoyance—the ability to 'see' scenes and events at a distance. In the jargon of the military, it's known as remote viewing and during the 1980s and early 1990s, psychic spies were employed by the army and CIA in Project Stargate. The project ended in controversy and its often dramatic findings were generally dismissed. Once out of the "black bag," it became exceedingly difficult to get funding from Congress concerned about government waste. Yet, no doubt interest continues in some quarters of the intelligence agencies and military, possibly with such activities discreetly being outsourced.

The current predominant mindset probably has a greater impact on alien abductees, who are openly ridiculed, than on researchers. "Generally speaking, the debunking and insults and accusations of fabricating, as well as other detrimental repercussions hurled at us, render us significantly terrified to come forward and open up about our encounters," says Connie Cannon, an abductee whose story we told in chapter two.

We had known Connie for years as a talented medium before she revealed to us that she was a life-long abductee. "Most of us continue to be cautious because our experiences simply seem too far off the wall and are therefore considered to be fiction in the greater population. For example, our rigid scientific community is unable to grasp the possibility that a human being can have his or her physical molecules and atoms disassembled as the individual

is moved through locked doors, solid walls, closed windows, and then re-assembled when we are returned. It's also very difficult for the abductees themselves to understand and believe or explain it, so we remain in our hidey-holes, rather than risked the derision."

As more and more people report such experiences, young scientists will likely break away from old molds and move us toward a paradigm shift. Such change comes from outliers, who disrupt the orderly affairs, contends Thomas Kuhn in his influential and controversial book *The Structure of Scientific Revolution*, published in 1962. Kuhn, who coined the term, *paradigm change* or *paradigm shift*, wrote: "Normal science, the activity in which most scientists inevitably spend most all their time, is predicated on the assumption that the scientific community knows what the world is like. Normal science often suppresses fundamental novelties because they are necessarily subversive of its basic commitments."

Kuhn challenged the concept that science changes by a steady progression of the accumulation of new ideas. He contended that change comes when the old guard die off and younger scientists with more open minds and fresh perspectives step in. He pointed out that paradigm shifts have occurred over and over throughout the history of science. He documented that science advances the most by occasional revolutionary explosions of new knowledge, each triggered by the introduction of new ways of thought so large they must be called new paradigms.

That's clearly what it will take to move science from its intransigent positions on the paranormal and UFOs. Meanwhile, seekers and investigators of all stripes will continue their explorations of things considered beyond strange, things that are currently beyond the reckoning of mainstream science and media.